HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 1620. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1888. TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1887, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.

"WITH THIS HE ATTACKED THE COPPER CYLINDER, AND BY MEANS OF A FEW DEXTEROUS BLOWS SUCCEEDED IN CUTTING IT OPEN."

A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder.

CHAPTER I.

THE FINDING OF THE COPPER CYLINDER.

IT occurred as far back as February 15, 1850. It happened on that day that the yacht *Falcon* lay becalmed upon the ocean between the Canaries and the Madeira Islands. This yacht *Falcon* was the property of Lord Featherstone, who, being weary of life in England, had taken a few congenial friends for a winter's cruise in these southern latitudes. They had visited the Azores, the Canaries, and the Madeira Islands, and were now on their way to the Mediterranean.

The wind had failed, a deep calm had succeeded, and everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, the water was smooth and glassy. The yacht rose and fell at the impulse of the long ocean undulations, and the creaking of the spars sounded out a lazy accompaniment to the motion of the vessel. All around was a watery horizon, except in one place only, toward the south, where far in the distance the Peak of Teneriffe rose into the air.

The profound calm, the warm atmosphere, the slow pitching of the yacht, and the dull creaking of the spars all combined to lull into a state of indolent repose the people on board the yacht. Forward were the crew; some asleep, others smoking, others playing cards. At the stern were Oxenden, the intimate friend of Featherstone, and Dr. Congreve, who had come in the double capacity of friend and medical attendant. These two, like the crew, were in a state of dull and languid repose. Suspended between the two masts, in an Indian hammock, lay Featherstone, with a cigar in his

(Continued on page 10.)

"Are you called upon to supply young folks with reading matter? Do you know what a valuable and worthy publication HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is? It is clean, wholesome, interesting, elevating, inspiring."—*Rochester Herald.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The first number in the new year (issued January 3d) contains an abundance of interesting and seasonable matter.

"Emilia's Twelfth-Night Party" is a suggestive story, as also is, in a different way, MR. MUNKITTRICK'S *amusing sketch, called "A Passage in the Life of Willie Coon," which will be concluded in the next number.* MR. W. L. ALDEN'S *whimsical serial, "A New Robinson Crusoe," grows more and more interesting, and is fully supplemented by* MR. FREDERICK BARNARD'S *drawings.*

MRS. HERRICK'S *article, "The Bottom of the Sea," is a model for the treatment of scientific subjects for young readers. "Skating," by* J. MACDONALD OXLEY, *is thoroughly practical, and will be continued in the next number.*

A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT,

intended for the older readers, contains an article entitled "Two Girls," by LILLIAN W. BETTS, *which tells, in a brief space and sympathetic manner, the story of a recent and successful effort in practical philanthropy; and "Cigarette Smoking," by* DR. TITUS MUNSON COAN.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1888.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE NOMINATION OF MR. LAMAR.

THE delay of the Senate in acting upon the nomination of Mr. LAMAR and the general tone of the Republican press in opposing his confirmation are significant. The allegation is substantially that he was a rebel, and that he has not professed acquiescence in the settlements of the war or renounced his CALHOUN theory of the Constitution. The reply to the Republican allegation is that Mr. LAMAR was no more a rebel and has acquiesced and renounced no less than Mr. AKERMAN, whom General GRANT appointed Attorney-General of the United States. If Mr. LAMAR be for such reasons unfitted now to be a Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. AKERMAN was unfitted sixteen years ago to be Attorney-General. But more than this, no distinguished Confederate leader has more honorably and amply accepted the event and decision of the war than Mr. LAMAR. If, indeed, the extraordinary claim of Mr. WOLCOTT at the New England dinner is to be treated as serious, and no Confederate is to be regarded as a loyal citizen who does not profess penitence for holding and maintaining a certain view of the Constitution, neither Mr. AKERMAN, nor Mr. LAMAR, nor Mr. ORR, nor General LONGSTREET, nor Mr. KEY, nor any intelligent Confederate whatever, could be held to be other than a secret and perjured enemy of the government. Had Governor ANDREW, of Massachusetts, lived long enough to sit at the Pilgrim dinner, Mr. WOLCOTT would probably have heard, in fervent and unmistakable words, the judgment of the Massachusetts of SAM ADAMS and CHARLES SUMNER upon his extraordinary demand.

If any honorable Republican really doubts Mr. LAMAR'S views, let him read what Mr. LAMAR says. In Congress, fourteen years ago, he said:

> "And when that war closed with defeat for the South and victory for the North, the controversy was closed also. The result of that victory has been to embody in the Constitution two great principles—the legal indissolubility of the American Union and the universality of human freedom on the American continent. ....They [the late Confederates] fully recognize the fact that every claim to the right of secession from this Union is extinguished and eliminated from the American system, and no longer constitutes a part of the apparatus of the American government. They believe that the institution of slavery, with all its incidents and affinities, is dead, extinguished, sunk into a sea that gives not up its dead. They cherish no aspirations nor schemes for its resuscitation. With their opinions on the rightfulness of slavery unchanged by the events of the war, yet as an enlightened people accepting what is inevitable, they would not if they could again identify their destiny as a people with an institution that stands antagonized so utterly by the sentiments and living forces of modern civilization."

In his address at the unveiling of the statue of CALHOUN in Charleston last April Mr. LAMAR said that he believed if CALHOUN were himself present and saw his State restored

> "to her proud position of dignity and equality in the Union, he would say to her that the great controversy being closed at the ballot-box, closed by the arbitrament of war, and above all closed by the Constitution, always deemed sacred and inviolable by her, she sacrifices no principle and falsifies no sentiment in accepting the verdict, determined henceforth to seek the happiness of her people, their greatness and glory, in the greatness and glory of the American republic."

There could not be a more manly, generous, self-respecting strain of patriotism than this upon the part of any honorable Confederate, and to suppose that an American citizen of the highest personal character who speaks thus must be an unworthy and unsafe judge of our highest court, because of his honest support of secession, is to show much less good sense and less true patriotism than the orator himself.

If the Republican party thought Mr. LAMAR a fit person to be qualified as a legislator for the whole country, if a Republican Senate held him to be a proper chief of a great executive department and counsellor of the President, neither the party nor the Senate can properly object to his proposed elevation to the bench. When the Republican party decided that upon taking a certain course Confederate leaders and followers should resume their full rights of citizenship, it laid no restrictions and it made no secret evasions. Unless it were dishonored, it meant that such citizens should not be in any way disqualified or proscribed, but should be admitted as of right to every opportunity which other citizens enjoyed. It was with that understanding that General GRANT selected for very high and representative positions those who like Mr. LAMAR had supported the Confederate movement with the utmost sincerity of conviction, and with all the zeal and force they could command. It is the great praise of the Republican party that in the hour of victory it was animated by no angry or vindictive spirit, and that the greatest misfortune of reconstruction sprang from the assassination of LINCOLN and the unhappy misunderstandings of the JOHNSON epoch. It is its misfortune now that there is so strong a party tendency to pander to mere sectional jealousy, and to attempt to inflame expiring passions. It was in the spirit of the better Republican feeling and purpose that Mr. SHERMAN spoke last spring in Tennessee. It was in obedience to its reactionary and unworthy sentiment that he spoke in Illinois. And just in the degree that the last sentiment succeeds in controlling the party will it alienate the true American feeling of the country.

THE SECRET SESSION.

SENATOR PLATT has introduced promptly his proposition for open executive sessions of the Senate, and it is understood that he will insist upon a discussion of the question. The system is one of the abuses which continue because they are not questioned, and when attention is called to them, and they are closely investigated, they have acquired a certain force of tradition which is the only defence that can be urged for them. No apparent argument has been advanced for the practice of secret consideration of nominations, except that it protects the reputation of candidates which might suffer if facts were known. Thus a man might be nominated whose habits upon investigation may turn out to be bad, and it would be greatly to his injury if that fact should be made public. This amusing little suggestion is disposed of, however, by the obvious reply that persons of bad habits would not be nominated if it were known that the closest public inquisition into all such details would be made. Moreover, no reason has been yet presented why a person who is nominated to a collectorship or a post-office should be exempt from a public scrutiny which is applied most rigorously to a candidate for the Presidency. If, when the election of the President devolves upon the House of Representatives, the decision should be made in a secret session, there would be a national protest which no party would dare to confront. But how much more indignant the protest would be if there should be a secret discussion as well as vote!

The secrecy of executive sessions is not so absolute, however, that the nature of the proceedings is not familiar. The whimsical reasons which decide the question of confirmation, the practice known as the courtesy of the Senate, which gives Senators autocratic power over nominations to national offices in their States, the indulgence of mere personal favor or displeasure in the discharge of a high public duty—all these are known, and opening the doors would put a speedy end to this kind of mischief. Bargains, understandings, and intrigues of every degree might not be wholly abolished, but there would be a great cleansing of methods if secret sessions for confirmation of appointments should be discontinued. Nothing is more repugnant to the genius of popular republican institutions than such secrecy. The fundamental condition in the selection of public officers is that there should be public knowledge of their fitness. This is obtained in the case of elective officers by the public canvass, by speeches, and by discussions in the press. The same general reasons extend to the selections by those officers of the subordinates who are appointed by them to offices of importance in which the Senate has the confirming power. In such cases the fullest provision should be made for a similar public knowledge of fitness. It is not an answer to this demand to say that the President and the Senate have the responsibility of the appointment. That is true, but they have also the responsibility of making the appointment in a way which is most satisfactory to the public sense of propriety, and so as to command public confidence.

Moreover, in a secret system of confirmations there is no individual responsibility whatever. The theory of secrecy is that not only is the vote of every Senator concealed, but the reasons which control his vote are unknown. The Senate collectively confirms or rejects, and every Senator escapes responsibility altogether. There is now pending before the Senate a nomination of the highest importance, that of Mr. LAMAR to be a Justice of the Supreme Court. The country has a right to know, not through a key-hole, but in the same way that it knows other important acts of the Senate, the considerations which determine the decision. There is no valid reason to be given for a vote either way upon the nomination of Mr. LAMAR which may not and which ought not to be made public. We believe that no Senator who seriously and honestly favors or opposes confirmation would be unwilling to state the grounds of his conviction. It is, in any event, clear that no Senator should be allowed to evade by secrecy the full responsibility of his vote upon the nomination. And if by reason of the importance of the event the votes of Senators are likely to be known, how conclusive is the argument that they should be known authoritatively and of right! But if this be so in the case of such a nomination, it is obviously as true of every nomination. If a Senator should be held to his individual responsibility for his vote upon the confirmation of a Justice of the Supreme Court, not less should he be held as fully responsible for his vote upon confirming a postmaster or an Indian agent. Senator PLATT will find himself supported by a general and rapidly increasing public sentiment when he rises to move the opening of the doors of the executive session.

TARIFF REFORM.

THE January number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains many striking and interesting papers, but none, perhaps, will be regarded with more curiosity than Mr. WATTERSON'S article upon the tariff, which will be followed in the February number by a rejoinder from Senator EDMUNDS. Mr. WATTERSON is an accomplished student of the subject, and he is an enthusiastic and well-informed revenue reformer. In his party he has long insisted upon tariff reform as the cardinal question to which it ought to devote itself, and he has been in direct opposition to Democratic leaders like Mr. RANDALL, whom, indeed, Mr. WATTERSON has regarded as an interloper in the Democratic camp. This is not unreasonable, for when the Democratic party heartily adopts Mr. WATTERSON'S views as its own, and stands for them as the Republican party stood against the extension of slavery, there will be a readjustment of party relations which will throw Mr. RANDALL and Mr. WATTERSON into opposing camps. Mr. WATTERSON has been a reluctant supporter of the President, although he has anticipated Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination, and has announced his adhesion to him as the probable Democratic candidate. His feeling has been largely determined by the President's views of civil service reform, which Mr. WATTERSON regards as an aristocratic and British and un-American device. This view is so shallow that it seriously affects the estimate of the value of his judgment upon other questions of reform in administration. The President's Message, however, is so strictly and singularly harmonious with Mr. WATTERSON'S views upon tariff taxation, and it is so much in advance of any previous Presidential manifesto upon the subject, that Mr. WATTERSON'S acquiescence in the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND will now probably become enthusiasm. His paper was written, of course, before he had any knowledge of the character of the Message, but it is a most timely and effective commentary upon that text, and a valuable contribution to the debate.

Mr. WATTERSON justly states the aim of the revenue reformers not to be the working of miracles. It is only a question of expediency with which they deal. It is not the abolition of poverty, because "as long as there are inequalities in human character they will show themselves in human condition." Laziness, unthrift, ignorance, and incapacity cannot be equalized with intelligence, industry, thrift, and talent. Tariff reformers

> "point to the excess of revenue wrung from the people as a proof of needless and therefore unjust taxation. They point to duties levied rather upon the necessities of life than on its luxuries, and so fixed as to yield the largest bounty to the manufacturer, the highest cost to the consumer, and the least revenue to the government, yet notwithstanding amassing a vast surplus in the Treasury. They deny that such a sacrifice of the tax-payer is either expedient or just, that it represents any right of domestic industry, that it confers any blessing on the domestic workman; and stigmatizing it, as the Supreme Court has stigmatized it, as 'robbery under the law,' they propose to substitute in place of the system which exacts it a system less restrictive to commerce and less costly to the great body of the people."

Stating the general philosophy and history of the subject, he proceeds wisely to assault the Malakoff of protection, the allegation that it lowers prices and raises wages. The arguments and the facts which Mr. WATTERSON adduces are conclusive. The farmers, who are the great multitude of American producers, are unprotected, but they compete successfully with European "pauper labor." Yet the farmer "is compelled by law to pay out of what be gets for his unprotected produce a tax to enable his fellow-

citizen, the protected manufacturer, to make a profit on what he produces." It is not true that protection gives him a home market for what he has to sell, and a cheaper market for what he has to buy. He would not go abroad if he had not exhausted the home market; and if the home manufacturers undersold the foreign market, why should he need the duties?

A simple and instructive illustration of the operation of a protective tariff was recently given by the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, the leading Republican journal in Minnesota. As it was supposed that Pennsylvania had a monopoly of the production of anthracite coal, "she neglected to protect herself by an adequate duty." But it appears that anthracite coal of a quality only two per cent. inferior to the best Pennsylvania has been discovered upon the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which "threatens" cheap coal for Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana. Cheap coal implies increased manufacturing industries, increased opportunities of labor, increased comfort of all consumers of coal—in a word, general advantage to the country. But the protective policy meets this prospect by the proposition to exclude from the country products carried by the Canadian Pacific, and to lay a heavy duty upon anthracite coal. The *Pioneer-Press*, speaking for Northwestern Republicans, thereupon remarks:

"Here, at least, there is no possible feeling of concern for 'American labor.' Of all the wage-earners in the United States, none are so utterly miserable, none so well fill the description of the 'pauper' labor of Europe, as those who work in the coal-mines of Pennsylvania. Repeated investigations have shown that they are in a condition little better than that of the peasantry of Ireland or the starving miners of Belgium. Their wages have been reduced to the starvation point. When they rebelled against this, the employers imported Hungarians under contract until that was forbidden by an act of Congress. This very season the people of Minnesota saw the price of coal advanced from one to two dollars per ton, for no other reason than to increase the gains of these mine-owners. And at this moment the Lehigh coal-miners are striking to enforce their rejected demand, namely, that since the mine-owners have added $1 50 to the price of coal at the mines, they should have an addition of 3½ cents per ton for bringing it to the surface. This is the sort of monopoly now costing the Northwest millions of dollars annually, which rabid protectionists of the *Sun* variety would perpetuate and render absolutely unassailable by the wall of another duty. Is it wonderful that there is a strong and growing feeling in this section in favor of tariff reform?"

The question is not a partisan one, and it is not so treated by Mr. WATTERSON. A Democratic President favors tariff reform, but so do many of the ablest Republican journals in the country, which do not therefore cease to be Republican. It is a question which is pressing because of the surplus. It must be understood, and HARPER has done well in opening a thorough and temperate discussion by an able advocate of each view.

REMOVAL OF THE NEW YORK CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.

GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, has removed Messrs. JOHN JAY and HENRY A. RICHMOND, the State Civil Service Commissioners. Their late colleague, Mr. SCHOONMAKER, resigned, upon his appointment as a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and his place has never been filled. The removal of Messrs. JAY and RICHMOND was followed immediately by that of Mr. WILLIAM POTTS, the efficient Chief Examiner, by the new Commission. Messrs. JAY and RICHMOND were appointed by Governor CLEVELAND upon the passage of the law in May, 1883, Mr. JAY being selected as the Republican member in place of ANDREW D. WHITE, who was compelled to decline. Mr. BURT, the present Naval Officer, was at once appointed Chief Examiner, and the Commission, in entire harmony with Governor CLEVELAND, proceeded to classify and organize the service, and to prepare a scheme for carrying the law into effect. This was one of the most important duties of the Commission, and it was discharged in the most satisfactory manner. Governor CLEVELAND and the Commission co-operated heartily until his retirement from office in January, 1885.

Mr. JAY, upon his removal, authorized the publication of a correspondence which took place early in July last between himself and Mr. RICHMOND on the one side and Governor HILL on the other. From this it appears that the Governor then requested them both to resign, upon the ground that the Commissioners were his "personal advisers upon matters covered by the law under which they were appointed," and stating his desire entirely to reconstruct the Commission. The two gentlemen declined to resign, upon the ground that the Governor was mistaken in his view of the law, that no reasons were assigned for their removal, and that the law was accepted upon its passage as an emphatic assertion of the doctrine that the power of removal, like that of appointment, was a public trust to be exercised for the public welfare, and that no removal should be made without good cause connected with the public service, which cause should be stated for the public information. The Commissioners, therefore, under a high sense of public duty, declined to resign. The situation has remained unchanged until now. The Governor has now filled Mr. SCHOONMAKER's place, and he has now removed the Commissioners peremptorily, assigning no cause. Their removal was followed immediately by the appointment of General SICKLES and JAMES H. MANNING, managing editor of the Albany *Argus*, as the Democratic members of the Commission, and Major GEORGE H. TREADWELL as the Republican member. The substitution of General SICKLES for Mr. JAY as President of the Reform Commission is grotesque, and it is impossible to suppose that Governor HILL, who with Senator INGALLS, of Kansas, regards administrative reform as an absurd and sentimental whimsey, has removed the late Commissioners in the interest of reform. Mr. RILEY, the new Examiner-in-chief, has been Superintendent of Indian Schools, and a local examiner under the State Commission of applicants for places in the Dannemora Prison.

Messrs. JAY and RICHMOND retire from the faithful discharge of a very difficult public duty in an untried field without a whisper of reproach, and with the respect always paid to those who without personal aims and with perfect independence of partisan influence have fulfilled worthily a high public trust. Their character and their known sincere interest in reform, no less than their appointment by a Governor in entire sympathy with their views, were credentials to public confidence which their official conduct has amply justified. It will be very fortunate for the State if their successors should serve the State with the same manly independence and fidelity.

THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE.

THE report of the State Board of Health to the Governor upon the condition of the Quarantine at New York is a very important document. For two or three years the cholera has been raging in countries with which we are closely connected, and we are constantly exposed to it. New York is the point of chief exposure, and the country has the right to require that every defence which money and care and sanitary science can supply shall be provided against the plague. The report is a very summary declaration that all such defence is wanting, and it implies very plainly that if the country has escaped the ravages of the cholera, it is not because of the New York Quarantine, but, on the contrary, "that it would be difficult to imagine a worse state of affairs than now exists at the Quarantine Station. It is hard to realize in this age of civilization that the harbor of the city of New York should be so inadequately provided with facilities for the prevention and extinction of an epidemic."

To this complete condemnation Mr. PLATT, President of the Quarantine Commission, replies, according to the *Tribune*, that the condition of the Quarantine Station is disgraceful, but that no one is to blame for it but Governor HILL and the Democratic politicians. The Governor has vetoed every proposition for relief, and must bear the responsibility. Dr. SMITH, the Health-officer, traverses some of the statements of the report in detail. But as Mr. PLATT admits the disgraceful condition, the doctor's rejoinders are ineffective. The country, however, is not interested in the political squabbles of the Governor and the Commissioner. Here is the gate through which pestilence will enter, if it comes, and the chief of its guardians admits that it is unguarded. It is an affair which concerns the good name, the health, and the business interests of New York. When a plague is impending the State Board of Health denounces the Quarantine as absolutely inadequate for its purposes. The President of the Quarantine Commission admits that the Board of Health tells the truth. Is there no remedy? Must New York and the country pass the winter in the full consciousness that the cholera is only waiting for spring, and when spring comes that the cholera will find no barrier to its approach and devastation?

The Health-officer asserts that thus far the plague has been stayed. So much certainly is to his credit. But it does not make the Quarantine any more adequate or less disgraceful. And why is it so? Simply because of the political squabble between the Governor and the President of the Commission. The term of the Commissioners expired four years ago. They are holding over, and holding on because the State Senate, controlled by the President of the Commission, refuses to confirm unexceptionable successors, whether Republican or Democratic. The Governor and the President of the Commission each throws the blame upon the other, and in the dead-lock appropriations are vetoed, and nothing is done, while the pestilence comes on. Is it possible that there are not enough Republican Senators in New York to secure the harmony indispensable to the protection of the country by confirming fit and honest men nominated by the Governor as Commissioners? The Senate, in persistently holding Mr. PLATT in place, is taking a very serious responsibility.

THE LATE MR. MANNING.

THE respect expressed for Mr. MANNING, the late Secretary of the Treasury, was universal, and no tributes were sincerer than those of the Republican press. When he was appointed Secretary he was stigmatized not only as a mere Democratic party politician, but as involved in some of the TWEED scandals, and the appointment was called an illustration of the false pretences of the Executive. This strain was not without excuse, because Mr. MANNING was known mainly as the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and a party lieutenant of Mr. TILDEN, who as a politician always allowed largely for the weakness of human nature, and did not require an excessive virtue.

Mr. MANNING, like Mr. WEED, had a natural taste for the game of politics, and both of them were very accomplished players. Both also had little taste for office, and nothing probably but Mr. MANNING's personal relations to Mr. CLEVELAND and the limited acquaintance of Mr. CLEVELAND with the leaders of his party would have persuaded Mr. MANNING to undertake the charge of the Treasury. The ability which he displayed, the soundness of his views, and his comprehension of the larger financial problems placed him at once among the eminent Secretaries, and advanced him to a general reputation such as he had never enjoyed. It was remarkable how soon and how radically the tone of the political opposition in regard to him changed, and how frankly and fully the excellence of his administration was conceded.

It was none the less excellent because it was described as a mere continuation of the previous general policy of the Department, and the regret was universal when serious illness compelled him to retire. It was evident that he could not recover his vigor, and the end has surprised no one. His brief public career will serve as a warning not to prejudge men called to great official responsibility, but to await the event. *Finis coronat.*

A PERSONAL CORRECTION.

A RECENT "personal" paragraph in the WEEKLY alluding to Archdeacon ALEX. MACKAYE SMITH was one of those mishaps which sometimes escape the most careful supervision. It could do no harm to those who personally knew him, because they would instantly perceive its injustice; but it was of a kind to create a prejudice among those who have not that advantage, and it was therefore a mishap which we sincerely regret. It is, as our readers will agree, very seldom that we can fairly plead guilty to such an oversight, and especially to so singular a misrepresentation of a clergyman constantly and unobtrusively devoted to good works and to the care and consolation of the poor.

PERSONAL.

IT is quite evident that ex-Secretary of the Treasury MANNING died from overwork. From the time he entered upon his public duties until the day of his resignation he never allowed himself a moment's rest. He was up in the morning at six o'clock, and at his desk in the Treasury building by eight. When lunch-time came, instead of going home or to some neighboring restaurant for something hot, he took a cold bite at his desk, and worked as he ate. He seldom left the building until before six; then he drove home, and after a hasty dinner went to work again, and it was generally one or two o'clock before he laid down his pen. He had been used to a good deal of walking in the Albany days, but in Washington he got no exercise. One of Mr. MANNING's rules of life was not to live up to his income. He began early to save money, and as his earnings increased, he put them away instead of spending them. For years his checks from the Associated Press were deposited and untouched. He was forty years of age and well on the road to fortune before he allowed himself to live any better than he had done as a journeyman printer.

—COQUELIN *cadet*, in the absence of his elder brother from Paris, has been interviewed by an enterprising correspondent of a New York paper. He lives in an apartment on the fourth floor of a house on the Boulevard Haussmann, surrounded by rare bric-à-brac and pictures, the latter principally portraits and caricatures of himself. A portrait of GAMBETTA, with a dedication in the dead statesman's autograph, hangs on one of the walls, while a sketch by MILLET and a canvas by BASTIEN LEPAGE adorn another.

—GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, the colored historian, and the best known writer of his race, has just put the finishing touches to a drama which he hopes to see performed on the stage before very long. The name of this play is *Panda*, and the scene is laid in Africa. Panda, the hero, is said to be a second Othello in character and appearance. The horrors of a slave-ship are reproduced, and one scene is devoted to a slave-market in Charleston, South Carolina.

—BENJAMIN CONSTANT, the French painter, is a man of medium height, with bright brown eyes and a frank, genial face adorned with close-cropped hair and beard. Spain and the Holy Land are his favorite sketching-grounds. He is just now, however, engaged upon the decoration of the grand Council-Chamber of the University of Paris—a work which will occupy him three years, and for which he is paid 30,000 francs, in payments of 10,000 francs a year.

—WILLIAM ULYSSES SCOTT, a seventeen-year-old public-school boy of New York, has developed the genius of a lightning calculator. Young SCOTT can answer any question in mathematics almost as quickly as it is put to him, but he doesn't seem to know how he does it. His teachers have racked their brains to find problems too hard for him to solve, but as yet he has entirely baffled them. To their inquiries as to how he does it he only answers, "I dun know."

—Superintendent FOX, of the United States Mint, Philadelphia, declines all presents from his employés, even on Christmas, holding that an acceptance would be against the law. A short time ago some of the employés of the Mint spent their vacation days in shooting birds and rabbits, and selecting the best of them, they made up a box and sent it to Superintendent FOX. To their surprise the present was declined with thanks.

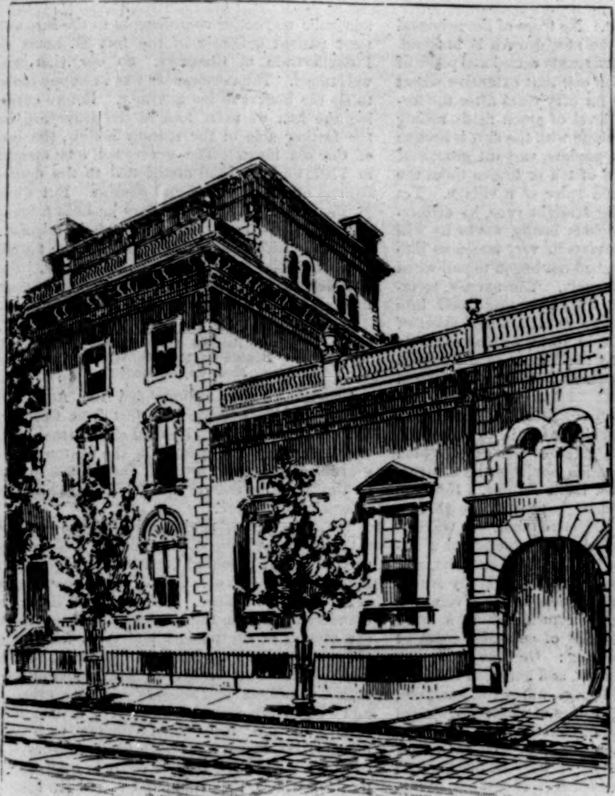
—Mr. C. S. REINHART's painting for the Paris *salon* is six by nine feet in size, and represents a scene on the Normandy coast. It is called "Looking for the Boats." The figures are life-size. One group stands around a shrine; in another is an old woman peering through a telescope. Among the clever things to be seen in Mr. REINHART's studio is a painting called "The Return of the Mussel-Gatherers," and an illustration made for HARPER & BROTHERS, and entitled "The Legion of Honor."

—An afternoon performance of Mr. GEORGE P. LATHROP's adaptation of *Elaine* was given at the Madison Square Theatre recently, to which most of the New York artists were invited. Among those who accepted the invitation were DANIEL HUNTINGTON, President of the Academy of Design, T. ADDISON RICHARDS, J. G. BROWN, THOMAS MORAN, GUY, LOOP, SARTAIN, MILLER, DE HAAS, and others. A goodly number of actors and actresses were also present.

—Mr. BLAINE says that he never felt better in his life than he does at this moment, and that he attributes his high health to his early work on a farm and to his temperate habits. He has eschewed intoxicants and tobacco from his college days, and he always eats plain food and turns his back upon pastry.

—The religious ceremony of the Selamlik is one all devout Islamites follow. It takes place on a Friday, when the eighteenth chapter of the Koran is recited. On the 9th of last month the Sultan was among the worshippers at the mosque of Hamidie, near Yildiz. In the kiosk set apart for distinguished foreigners were the Minister of the United States to Turkey, Mr. STRAUS, Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, Mr. PENDLETON KING, Mr. PRINGLE, the Consul-General, and the officers of Mr. VANDERBILT's yacht, the *Alva*. After quitting the mosque the Sultan sent his Chamberlain, RAGHIB BEY, with his greetings to Mr. and Mrs. STRAUS and to Mr. and Mrs. VANDERBILT. The Sultan has been very courteous to the yachting party, having sent his aide-de-camp to welcome Mr. and Mrs. VANDERBILT to Constantinople.

PACKING CORD-WOOD OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 11.]



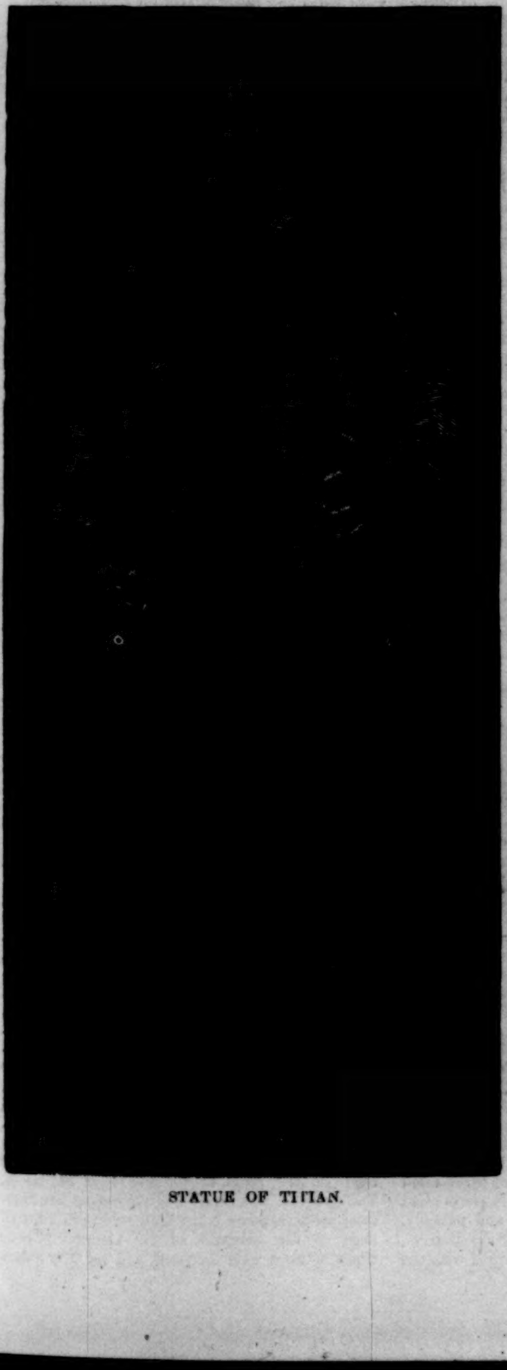
MR. CORCORAN'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

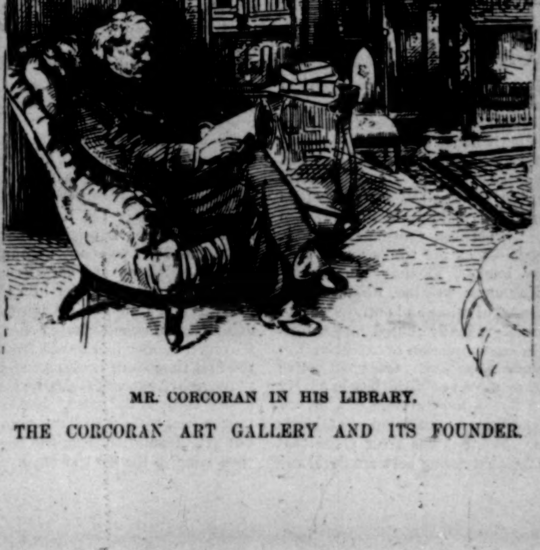
A VETERAN PHILANTHROPIST.

WILLIAM WILSON CORCORAN, one of the greatest of philanthropists, if not in the personal services rendered, or in the specific objects which he has chosen to promote, yet in the aggregate amount of means bestowed by him for public and private advantage, has just entered on his 90th year, being born in the District of Columbia, in Georgetown, now a part of Washington, December 27, 1798. On the paternal side he is of Irish descent; on his maternal, of purely American. His father, THOMAS CORCORAN, came to the United States in 1783 from Limerick County, Ireland; married in 1788 HANNAH LEMMON, of Baltimore, Maryland, and immediately settled in Georgetown, opening a shoe and leather store. Here he became a public man—postmaster, judge, military captain, real estate broker, and though a prominent Episcopalian, one of the founders and a trustee of a Baptist college; bringing up to maturity six of twelve children, three sons and three daughters; dying a prosperous man and honored in 1830.

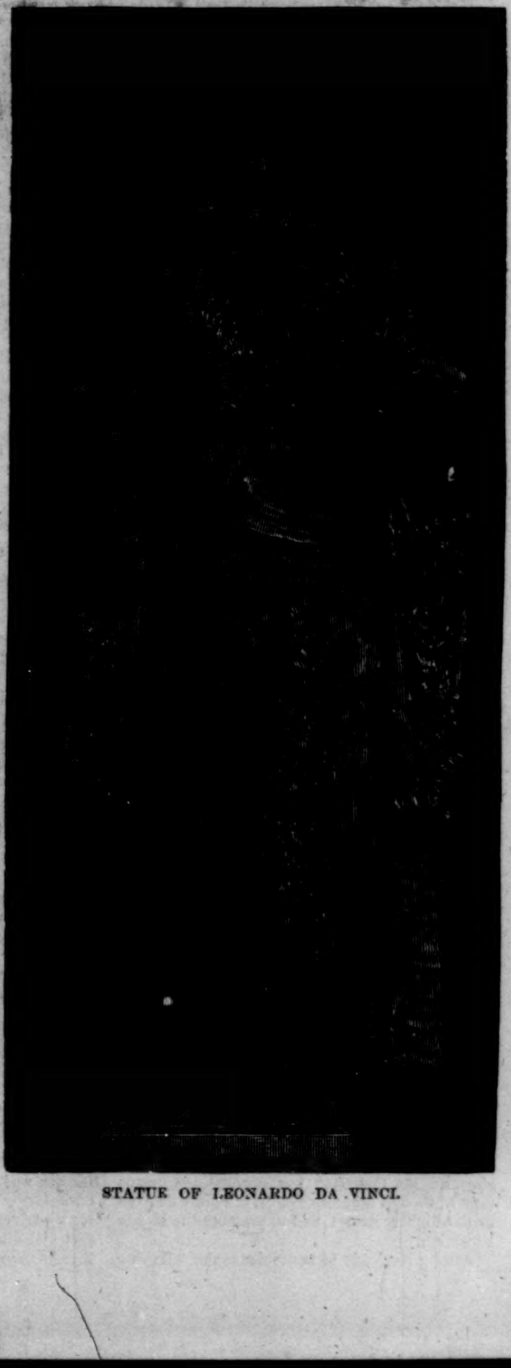
The son WILLIAM WILSON CORCORAN received a good common education, and to some extent a classical one. His school-days began in 1803, and were continued until 1815, in various schools in the District of Columbia, and for one year with Georgetown College. His business career was commenced by his connecting himself with his two brothers, older than himself, in the dry-goods business in the District. This was in 1815. In 1817 these two brothers established him in a separate store, under the firm name of W. W. CORCORAN & Co., while they further extended their enterprise by adding the wholesale auction and commission business. Herein he continued until 1823, when the firm, once prosperous, failed in the commercial crisis of that year, compromising



STATUE OF TITIAN.



MR. CORCORAN IN HIS LIBRARY.



STATUE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY AND ITS FOUNDER.

with their creditors by paying them fifty cents on the dollar's indebtedness, and receiving a full legal discharge. Mr. CORCORAN now commenced business more on his own account. At first, and for some years, he took the oversight of his father's real estate concern, he being advanced in years and of failing health. In 1828 he took charge of the extensive real estate and the collection of the debts of the old United States Bank and the Bank of Columbia. To these interests he was devoted about eight years. During most of this time, following in the footsteps of his father and two brothers, he was a military officer of the District, receiving appointment first from President MONROE, and afterward being promoted by Presidents ADAMS and JACKSON.

In 1835 Mr. CORCORAN married Miss LOUISE AMORY MORRIS, daughter of Commodore CHARLES MORRIS, famous in the naval history of the United States. She was young, beautiful, and accomplished, but of delicate health. Three children were the issue of this marriage, two of whom died in infancy. One survived, a daughter, who was subsequently married to the Hon. GEORGE EUSTIS, Jun., of Louisiana, a member of Congress, and subsequently Secretary of Legation with MASON and SLIDELL. Mrs. CORCORAN died in 1840, at the early age of twenty-one. Mrs. EUSTIS died in 1867, at Cannes, France, aged only twenty-nine, leaving three children. Mr. EUSTIS himself deceased four years later, leaving these children in care of their grandfather CORCORAN. The mother and daughter were both buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown. The husband and father has since remained a widower, tenderly cherishing the memory of his departed ones, as witnessed by two of his more prominent acts of benevolence, and his care for his grandchildren.

Mr. CORCORAN entered upon the chief business of his life—that in which he achieved his greatest success—in the accumulation of property, in 1837. He now became a broker and banker. About this time Mr. GEORGE PEABODY came from Massachusetts to Washington. These two men may be said to have started together, each running a remarkable and in some respects similar career; each stimulating the other in activity, and latterly in acts of benevolence. Mr. PEABODY shortly after located in London, accumulating slowly in the beginning, but in the end amassing a colossal fortune. The two all through life remained closest friends. In 1840 Mr. CORCORAN associated with himself as partner the late GEORGE W. RIGGS. In 1845 their business had so enlarged that they took and occupied for it the old United States Bank building. In 1847 Mr. CORCORAN discharged the debt of the old firm consisting of his two brothers and himself, from which they had been legally absolved, by paying both principal and interest, amounting to $46,000. In 1848 Mr. GEORGE W. RIGGS retired from the firm, and a younger brother, ELISHA RIGGS, took his place.

During the Mexican war the firm had taken upon themselves very heavy financial responsibilities. They were the brokers for the government. The boldness of Mr. CORCORAN's operations somewhat alarmed the elder Mr. RIGGS. Thirty millions of the national loans was upon their shoulders. The bulk of this had been placed; but in 1848 there was still on hand $12,000,000, with little demand at home and none abroad, and the market for these bonds one per cent. below par. In this dilemma Mr. CORCORAN determined to visit London in person. Mr. PEABODY discouraged his attempt when he arrived. But a week later Mr. BARING, returning from the Continent, encouraged him with a large subscription. Other large houses followed, and soon $5,000,000 was taken. With this start the bonds soon acquired a premium, selling ultimately for 119½ per cent. This successful dealing not only increased Mr. CORCORAN's financial reputation, but greatly augmented his wealth. In 1854, Mr. CORCORAN retired from the banking business to occupy himself with his own large property and a life of benevolence. The house was still continued under the firm name of RIGGS & Co. Mr. CORCORAN now made large investments in real estate in Washington, which since have immensely increased in value. He also speculated in government and other securities, thereby further enhancing his fortune. The Arlington House and numerous other buildings and grounds in the capital belong to him.

Mr. CORCORAN's gifts, private and public, have been large, numerous, and varied. They have not been limited to race or place, or to party in either the church or the state. He is a rare instance of prehumous liberality, having given away in his lifetime, it is said on good authority, at least $5,000,000. There is no man in the United States, nor perhaps elsewhere, who has in his lifetime devoted so much to charity. It is doubtless a stroke of wisdom in him to have not waited till death should release his hold upon his property, devising it then by will. What may have been lost in further accumulations has been more than made up in his own satisfaction, administrative economy, and certainty of appropriation. No man or body of men coming after him would, or even could, do as well as he has done. Though he has given away so much, he is still a millionaire, perhaps retaining as much as he has parted with, probably more, and carries the distinction of being the richest man in Washington. Between himself and his old friend Mr. GEORGE PEABODY there was a remarkable difference in dispensing their liberality, though doubtless each reacted upon the other. Mr. PEABODY gave to the London poor by providing for them cheap and comfortable dwellings, and to the South of his own country a fund which was to be for the education of its children of the poorer classes. Mr. CORCORAN has devoted his means largely, though far from wholly, to relieve distress in the higher classes, and to promote the higher education.

Among his deeds of benevolence the following are some of the chief: Beautifying and extending Oak Hill Cemetery, where his own loved ones repose; building and founding the "Louise Home"—an institution so named in commemoration of his wife and daughter—devoted to the maintenance of ladies of the District who have become reduced in circumstances. The edifice, a magnificent structure, was begun in 1869, and opened for the reception of inmates in 1871. In 1859, Mr. CORCORAN erected an art gallery, which was to be his own private property. It was a comparatively small affair. Soon after he commenced the present large one, converting, after its completion, the smaller building into a medical museum. It was nearly ready for occupation when the war for the Union broke out, and it was lent to the government for the use of the Quartermaster's Department. After the government ceased to need it Mr. CORCORAN resumed occupation, and in 1869 he gave a deed of the property to trustees for the public use, together with a claim upon the United States for rent due for its use the whole time of their possession. This money was used for the purchase of works of art. Mr. CORCORAN further provided funds for the fitting of the building for its future use, and settled $60,000 a year upon it for its further increase and maintenance. The Corcoran Art Gallery, on the corner of Seventeenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, is built of brick and freestone, and embellished with niches, in which are to be placed statues of the great artists. Two of them—those of LEONARDO and TITIAN—are reproduced on page 5. The collection of paintings and statues is a large one, and selected with good judgment. There are many excellent representatives of the modern French and Flemish schools of arts. Of not a lesser importance are the portraits of past American worthies, the work of contemporaneous artists. There are numerous statues, and a collection of bronzes. Perhaps the best of BRIDGMAN's pictures, "The Procession of the Sacred Bull," takes a conspicuous place in the Corcoran Gallery. In an educational sense, as far as art is concerned, Mr. CORCORAN may be said to have been the first American who devoted his means for this notable purpose. For three days in the week this collection is open to the public. Columbia College, located in Washington, has received largely of his beneficence. In the aggregate that institution, which his father helped to found, has received from him $300,000. These college gifts began to be made after the war, and through the Rev. G. W. SAMSON, D.D., then president, and who was his trusted friend and his religious confidant. The institution is Baptist, while Mr. CORCORAN is an Episcopalian. He used to say when giving thus to this denomination that he could trust the Baptists. Through the same friend, Dr. SAMSON, now president of Rutgers Female College, New York city, he has given the Baptists a site for a Ladies' Home. He has also lately built a new Episcopal church. His smaller gifts have been distributed in every direction, taking a wide range in their object. In some form, his aid has ever been available for the deserving. He has known no North or South. A few years ago he caused to be brought from Tunis the remains of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

In politics Mr. CORCORAN has ever been a Democrat. He was an ardent Union man, but took no active part in the war for it. His hands, however, were outstretched in patriotism and philanthropy to soldiers and their friends and to the needy in those times. A part of this period he spent abroad. He has served the public in various ways privately, as in his service done in connection with the Washington Monument Association. He is a man of artistic and literary tastes, a cultured gentleman, hospitable to the good and refined. His home was formerly the residence of DANIEL WEBSTER, given him by some of his Massachusetts friends. The grounds occupy half a block. It and the Art Gallery are on the same square. Occasionally he gives dinners and receptions to eminent men residing in or visiting Washington, preserving elegance with republican simplicity. Having made his home in the national capital all his life—some ninety years—his cognizance of public men and the measures of our country and of distinguished foreigners visiting us is very great—no man's, perhaps, more so. It is personal, extending through three-fourths of a century. He has seen vaster changes and transformations than probably any other man. Of these he has been himself a large part. While yet a lad he witnessed the burning of Washington in the war of 1812. And since then he has seen its magnificent distances filled or dotted over with great public buildings, private villas, and ornamental grounds.

QUEER CORNERS IN CANADA—CHAMBLY.

No river in America has more tragic historical association than the river Richelieu, yet no river anywhere, by pleasant aspect and decorous behavior, more persistently belies an unenviable reputation. For fifteen miles between St. Johns and Chambly the river does, indeed, indulge in rather a wicked frolic, but for the greater part of its course from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence it twists indolently between green fields, unaggressive and harmless as the lambs which nose about its grassy banks. Floating on its surface in fine midsummer weather, whatever historical consciousness of crime and outrage we had brought along was gradually routed, and we became absorbed in contemplation of beautiful dulness, of picturesque monotony. Our most active faculty was curiosity—a not vivid but enduring curiosity—about how a mere ribbon of blue water contrives to produce a succession of exquisite pictorial effects. For it is the river alone that invests the vast flats extending between Sorel and Chambly with interest. No trace of the primeval forest remains, and the new growth is insignificant. Nothing except a scanty occasional patch of ripening grain reminds one that extensive wheat fields flourished here for fifty years after the forests fell. The dead level of green fields, rolling like the sea till they merge with the sky, is broken only by long lines of poplars, vagrant groups of elms, and at distances of ten or fifteen miles the steep roofs and tinned spire of a village. Yet the river, with its long straight runs, its deliberate curves and capricious bends, works its will with the land and converts its very tameness into a charm. The charm had not begun to pall when the scene changed abruptly. The narrow, tortuous Richelieu stood still, spreading itself into Chambly Basin. Before us lay a placid sheet of water almost circular in form, with moderately high banks, defined by the houses of the canton that surround the basin and straggle southward over the plain.

The market boat on which we had made the journey from Montreal crawled in to a wooden pier close beside the gates of the canal which for purposes of navigation obviates the obstruction offered by the St. Louis Rapids. Here we disembarked, for Chambly, especially the old fort of Chambly, was our objective point. In traversing the basin we had had opportunity for a leisurely though distant inspection of the fort, and our desire for a nearer view was vividly stimulated. At the sight of such a hoary ruin the historical consciousness returned with a rush, summoning up the shades of countless hosts of braves—a motley throng: Oneidas and Mohawks, grim, symmetrical, and silent, in the least embarrassing of fighting rigs, war-paint, wampum, and a feather or two; nobles of France, bewigged and perfumed—a lace handkerchief in one pocket, a long pistol in another, a jest on their lips, and a sword at the side; priests in black robes and skull-caps, *coureurs-de-bois*, voyageurs, adventurers, scarlet-coated British regulars, kilted Highlanders, and here and there a figure clad in the buff and blue of the Continental army—all in turn have fought about these crumbling walls; each in turn has conquered and been conquered.

The canton of Chambly has to-day no special claim upon the sight-seer's regard. Proximity to the Northeastern States has destroyed its distinctively national characteristics, but has not infused new life. The people talk very fluently about what they could and would do if they belonged to the United States; *en attendant*, they do just as little as they can and live. We were lodged in an old-fashioned house next door to a little church built by the English soon after the conquest of Canada. From our windows we could read the names of departed British warriors graven on stones cracked and moss-grown—melancholy assurance that the path of glory leads but to the grave. The evening after our arrival we went out to pay our respects to M. Dion, the preserver, as he is the present commander and garrison, of the fort. We had only to cross a dusty road and a wide common, the former barrack square. The English barracks, one of stone and one of wood, still stretch along the river's edge. The fort stands on the southern shore of the basin at the foot of the rapids. The advantages of this position for military purposes are obvious. From the Iroquois to Montgomery every enemy of Canada naturally selected the Richelieu as the highway for descent upon the colony. For Canadian self-protection it was absolutely necessary to keep the enemy on the south of Chambly Basin. Still, again and again had the Iroquois stolen over the basin, down the Richelieu, and made desolate the settlements on the St. Lawrence, before any attempt was made to stop them on the portage necessitated by the St. Louis Rapids. It was the brilliant courtier and soldier the Marquis de Tracy who, in 1665, perceived the strategic importance of this point, and commanded the erection of a fort.

To us, crossing the square, three walls and bastions presented themselves. The fort is a quadrilateral, with towers corresponding to the cardinal points. From the basin we had observed that the water wall had utterly collapsed. Those still standing are solid, having the pathetic mellowness without the decrepitude of age, but are neither formidable nor imposing. They are largely composed of round stones unequal in size. Since for several feet from the ground no mortar is visible, the wonder is how these stones manage to stick together. Turning the southern bastion, we came suddenly upon a man standing with his head bent back, staring at a flag which streamed from the tower. The flag was the tricolor, but since that is no novelty in the province of Quebec, it afforded no good reason for courting the peril of breaking one's neck. The man proved to be he whom we sought, M. Dion. He received us cordially, yet with a quite elegant politeness very suitable to the guardian of a striking memorial of the old régime. As other men love wealth and honor, so M. Dion loves the fort, and to his exertions the old walls owe their continued existence.

By incessant importunity, in the face of discouragement and ridicule, he succeeded about ten years ago in obtaining a grant of one thousand dollars from the Dominion government, which he used so to repair the fort that it resumed, at least in outline, its original shape and arrangement. M. Dion presently accounted for the attitude in which we had surprised him. The day had been a great day for him and for the fort. For the first time since August, 1760, when the union-jack was substituted for the fleur-de-lis, a French banner had waved from the tower; for the first time since Lusignan and his little garrison marched out, officers in the French service had passed through the gates. Not as conquerors had they come, with attendant pomp and panoply, but as a deputation from the frigate *La Minerve*, then lying in the St. Lawrence, charged with the admiral's respectful compliments to the last and most patient defender of the fort St. Louis or Pontchartrain at Chambly. So our visit was well-timed. The commander was in happy mood to do the honors of his territory. Before entering the fort we must look at the graveyard on the farther side of the marshy hollow, the bed of the old moat. The graveyard was opened in 1707, and by 1850 abandoned to the depredations of village cattle and *gamins*. But when M. Dion got his thousand dollars he built a fence round it, put up wooden slabs with inscriptions to the more illustrious dead, and had the names of the humbler recorded on the fence rails. For one slab he demanded our most respectful attention. The inscription upon it read:

"GENERAL THOMAS,
de l'armée Américaine.
Décédé le 12 Juin, 1776.
Mort de picotte."

General Thomas commanded the American garrison which occupied the fort from October, 1775, till June, 1776. He died of the small-pox, which had raged all winter in the canton. His grave was unmarked until M. Dion chose to pay to him the same tribute that he offers to his own beloved countrymen.

When we crossed again to the fort the sun had set, and we had the opportunity to admire the ruin in a soft moonlight. The arched gateway is perfectly preserved. It is of light brown stone quarried in old France. The names of the commanders are cut on the stones, and among them are several of the noblest and most famous in the world's history. The interior of the fort is a wreck, but a very tidy one. Fragments of partitions of officers' and soldiers' quarters, prisons, and chapel are stayed with braces of oak and clamps of iron. One great chimney, with fire-place intact, looms up about ten feet from the southern wall. The central court is a blooming garden, which the commander unhesitatingly robbed to make nosegays for his guests. In the angle formed by the southern bastion and western wall crouches a little wooden building one story high, with two windows, and a door in the middle. We were invited to enter, and found ourselves in a snug apartment, evidently the abode of a bachelor and enthusiastic antiquary. Here, winter and summer, M. Dion keeps watch and ward, faithful and devoted as any of his renowned predecessors. Having inspected the bits of crockery, the military buttons, and implements of warfare unearthed in the vicinity, having glanced at some few of the curious manuscript historical narratives, we went out, preceded by M. Dion and a lantern, to climb the southern bastion. As we mounted the winding stair there arose a great twittering and flapping of wings, when a legion of bats and swallows proceeded to resent our intrusion. M. Dion remarked that we were disturbing his *habitants*, his *censitaires*. We sat down on the rampart to enjoy the prospect and the delightfully soft air. A brilliant aurora streamed in the sky, putting the moon to shame. Myriads of stars were reflected in the pellucid water of the basin. Far toward the north, flashing like a string of brilliants, wound the Richelieu; away to the southeast rose, black and forbidding, the detached volcanic mountains of Bruno, Belleœil, and Rougemont. Just before us lay the little rocky islands which separate the St. Louis Rapids from the basin, and at our feet the waters boiled and bubbled. It was the proper time and place, we felt, for M. Dion to become reminiscent. He did not disappoint us. He said that the first Fort St. Louis was of wood, a mere palisade fifteen feet high, surrounded by earthworks. It was one of three built by order of the Marquis de Tracy, the others being at Sorel, forty-five miles below, and at Sainte Thérèse, ten miles above. Jacques de Chambly built the first fort. Jacques was a captain under the marquis—a captain in the Carignan-Salière regiment. A famous regiment that, raised by the Prince of Carignan, in Savoy, in 1644, and afterward presented by him to the King of France. United with a portion of a German regiment commanded by Colonel Salière, it formed the first detachment of regular troops sent to New France. The regiment was disbanded in Canada, several hundred of the men being induced, by grants of land and bounty in money, to marry and settle in the wilderness. They chose chiefly the level lands by the Richelieu, or, as it was then most appropriately called, *Rivière des Iroquois*. To this day such names as Sorel, Verchère, Contrecœur, keep green the memory of as resolutely brave and daring men as ever breathed. Jacques de Chambly lived in his fort, and whenever there was an Iroquois scare all his neighbors came to keep him company. Sometimes they fell on the Iroquois, crossing the portage, and slaughtered them. Frequently the Iroquois retaliated awfully. Once, in 1687, the Iroquois got possession of the fort, and staid there until famine persuaded them to move off. In 1709 the garrison was reduced almost to its present limited number. The fort was held by Paul d'Ailleboust, Sieur de Perigny, and one soldier. About thirty *habitant* houses clustered round it, and, besides, the tents of some friendly Abenaquis. In that year the English at Albany contemplated a retaliatory raid on Canada, and of course marshalled their force on the accustomed trail of the Iroquois. The garrison at Chambly was then slightly augmented, and managed to keep the English well within their own territory. But the Governor of Montreal was alarmed, and represented to the home government the urgent necessity for the construction of a new fort. He also levied a tax on the people of Montreal for that purpose. By 1711, under the superintendence of the engineer De Léry and Captain Bois Berthelot, the new Fort Pontchartrain had risen on the ruins of the old Fort St. Louis. The new fort was capable of sheltering five hundred soldiers, and could afford refuge in time of need to the *habitants* of the canton. These times of need were frequent, and for fifty years

the country people were as much at home in the fort as in their cottages. Still, comparative peace prevailed until the French fought their last fight for dominion in North America. During 1758 and 1759 the fort was all alive. Montcalm and Levis and Bougainville, with their splendid retinues, all tarried there. Thousands of soldiers, marching to and from the battle-fields on Lake Champlain and Lake George, staid there an hour or two to rest and hear mass in the chapel within the gates. Not till the end of August, 1760, was British supremacy acknowledged at Chambly, and the keys of the fort delivered by Captain Lusignan to Major Rogers, commanding a battalion of Haviland's regiment. That was the death-knell of the old régime. The British garrisoned the fort, but it was considered of secondary importance to St. Johns, sixteen miles nearer Lake Champlain. When the thirteen colonies revolted it was St. Johns that offered the most obstinate resistance to Montgomery's army. Major Stopford, of the Seventh Royal Fusileers, surrendered Chambly, apparently without firing a shot. The American Majors Brown and Livingston had the whole garrison transported to Hartford, Connecticut—an extraordinary garrison of eighty-three men, with ninety women and children. The colors were the first trophies won in the War of Independence.

The ammunition taken with the fort undoubtedly enabled Montgomery to reduce St. Johns, which surrendered two weeks after the capitulation of Chambly. So for nine months the flag of the revolted colonists waved from the bastion. But in the June of 1876 General Sullivan, who had succeeded General Thomas in the command, heard rumors of the approach of Burgoyne. His men were demoralized, hungry, and sick. He retreated precipitately, and the union-jack came back to stay. In 1812 there was again some military activity. The Canadian militia assembled here, and here Charles de Salaberry mustered his men to cut off the American General Hampton, advancing on Montreal, and to defeat him at Chateaugay. De Salaberry was the last hero whose name is connected with Chambly. His seigneury lay along the Richelieu; his youth was spent in the shadow of the fort; and close by, while dancing at a ball given by the officers of the garrison, he fell dead. M. Dion's patriotism has not permitted him to neglect De Salaberry, and he has roused sufficiently that of his fellow-townsmen to have erected in a conspicuous place a good bronze statue of the handsome and gallant soldier.

Such in bare outline is the story of the fort at Chambly told to us on the bastion. Dead, long dead, and all but forgotten, are the men whose passions make the story, but the moon still shines down serenely on the time-worn stones, and below them the water still laughs and dances. There is nothing like passionless nature to remind men of what shadows they are, and what shadows they pursue.

ANNIE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

NOTHING could have been more methodical than the ways of that sedate old rector. The various texts had been selected for consecutive Sundays months before, and during the week the heads of that particular sermon had occurred to him.

"Dear me! what a bad habit that is of mine of not jotting down all those bright thoughts which suggest themselves to me! I must—really I must—carry around with me a little notebook, and write them. I used to remember them all, but now I am growing older, and the creative faculty seems to be somewhat on the wane; and then it's becoming really more difficult to write than it used to be. Head and hand do not coordinate as they did once. Then, too, I am painfully conscious that the power of absorption is of the past, not of the present. It is quite preposterous to think of the little things which annoy me. A pen that scratches or splutters spoils a sentence, and an inspiration is clogged if my ink be thick. Fortunately the rectory is so quiet, visitors but few, and now for work." The good old rector was prone to cross-question himself.

Now he drew the standish toward him, smoothed out his paper, selected a good quill pen, saw that his snuff-box was near him, cleaned his spectacles, and tried to think over his subject. Of course his text was right, but hadn't he delivered once before an opening sentence precisely like the one he had in his mind? If he was not repeating himself, he might be committing a plagarism. What old worthy was it that had said pretty nearly the same thing? He felt sure he would find it somewhere; so up got the old gentleman and unlocked his bookcase, and was busy for a half-hour consulting his authorities; and then he lost himself.

"How different were the times when these pious men wrote their vigorous words! People's minds were not led astray with Corn-laws, Chartists, Reform Parliaments, and Poor-law bills." Then the old gentleman, who was a Tory of half a century ago, gave a deep sigh, and collecting his thoughts, tried to get to work once more.

"No; the thought is original enough, only I shall have to be careful as to the phraseology." And now, taking his pen, he wrote out his first sentence. There was a filament on the surface of the paper, and his pen caught on it and tripped up. "An age of progress!" said the old rector, bitterly, "with their new manufactured paper, but the old hand-made was infinitely superior. I can't abide a slovenly copy. I must write it over;" and write it over did that honest old gentleman. "Dear me! an hour passed already, and nothing, really nothing accomplished."

At last there did come that moment when the rector's mind was fully up to the work. His old power was returning. His thoughts outstripped his pen. He saw, not so very far distant, the conclusion of his sermon. He felt the consciousness that his labor would be fruitful. How blessed it was, the quiet and calm around him! Just then there was a knock—a subdued one—at the library door.

"Mary, have I not said most positively that I was not to be interrupted?" cried the rector, with a start.

"Oh, please, sir, it's a military gentleman, for he says he's a major. Knowed you, sir, when him and you were at Oxford, sir. A very insinivating kind of a gentleman, and he *would* come in. 'What!' says he, 'pass within five miles of Dovedale Rectory and not look up my old chum the parson? Run fast, you pretty gal—gal, that's what he called me, sir—'and announce my arrival; and, you sweet creature, as it's hot and dusty, tell the parson a biscuit and a glass of his old port wouldn't come amiss.' And seeing that you might ask for them, I've brought up the decanter and glasses."

"Dear me! dear me! An old chum? Oxford? Did he tell you his name?" asked the rector, all in a tremor.

"Name! name!" cried a boisterous voice at the door. "My bucolic maid, I will announce myself, be my own bugle-man. Why, my dear old boy, how are you? Don't remember me? Why, I'm Major Blaise Popham, of her Majesty's Heavies; proud to serve a maiden Queen. Don't you recall how I left Oxford and sought my first battle-field at Waterloo? Been knocking about the world ever since. We used to belong to the same set. You always had a pious turn; but for all that were a fairly good fellow. I'm an old campaigner, and a glass of sound wine is just the thing I am ready for. Here goes, then—we will drink to past joys, and—"

"Blaise Popham! Major Popham, glad, quite glad to see you. The fact is that—that so many years have elapsed since I had the pleasure of your acquaintance," said the rector, twirling his pen, "that I quite lost sight of you."

"Naturally. I've done some tidy work in India, in Spain, knocking over the world, wherever a shot was fired or a sword was crossed. I say, did you ever marry that girl you were languishing for? Dear me! what reams of poetry you used to write about her! and don't you remember how beautifully patient I used to be when you read them to me?"

"The impertinence of the man!" thought the rector, who had in fact married quite another person than the one to whom he had addressed the many verses. Oh, the sermon! the sermon! Yes, he had some confused idea of having known a Popham some forty years before. A wild, rollicking lad who had a reputation for card-playing and pugilism. Had he been intimate with him? Had he written verses? Had he read them to that roistering-looking personage seated opposite to him now, drinking his wine? Must he be hospitable?—and his sermon?

Now Mary came in.

"You always were a good judge of beauty," said the roguish major. "And, Mary, a biscuit from your pretty hand would be all the more acceptable."

Now Mary was indeed a florid, buxom English lass, but that was no reason why the major should say she was "dairy fed, by Jove."

Then down fell the pen from the rector's hand, and made a startling blot on the paper. The pinch of snuff in the rector's fingers never reached its destination. As to the sermon, it never saw its conclusion. Mary made a precipitate retreat, but the rector, as a wise man, made the best of the situation. He found that his old chum was not such a very bad fellow, after all. He was only a modified reflection of the times of George the Fourth. Having finished the bottle of port, Major Popham left, and the rector then gazed at his half-written sermon and sighed once more. That sermon was delivered on the morrow, and the rector, taking up the unwritten portion, concluded it without notes, and his parishioners declared that never had they heard a better or a more edifying one.

MR. BARNARD'S study of this subject shows the library of a rectory fifty years ago, with its furniture of the middle of the last century. The major's coat is befrogged, for then the fashions of the time of the Regent had not quite faded away. It is a little bit of comedy, the artistic setting of a scene, quite perfect in its way, without an anachronism.

DRIFT OF THE CHURCHES.

THE General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States of America held in the Congregational church, Washington, D. C., is a memorable fact in the religious history of the country, and an indication of the drift of the Churches. Ministers and laymen of all the principal and most of the minor denominations composed it. Bishops of several Episcopal churches, leaders of Presbyterial and Congregational bodies, Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Senators prominent in the national legislature took active part in its proceedings.

The deliberations of this convocation were of singularly harmonious and almost unanimous character. Cranks were few, and summarily suppressed. The drift of the Protestant Churches is evidently toward co-operation and organic unity. Methods of co-operation in Christian work proposed by the Secretary, Dr. Josiah Strong, met with general approbation. Local alliances of clergy and laity for sociological study and application of Christian truth to moot questions should meet the needs of the public. Difficulties stand in the way of any particular project, but the case of Philadelphia proves that the general plan can be carried out, and the gospel carried into every non-church-goer's house twelve times a year. Although in some towns and cities there are from 20,000 to 60,000 souls without the ministrations of a Protestant church, yet by the combined efforts of the 12,000,000 evangelical communicants in the United States their wants may be supplied, and every moral reform within the range of possibility become a realized fact. This drift toward co-operative if not organic unity is less perceptible, perhaps, in the South, owing to the more nearly homegeneous character of the population. Of the 20,000,000 that compose it, 13,000,000 are white, and 7,000,000 or more colored; 4,500,000 are church-members, but not of such piety as to justify Dr. Hatcher, the Richmond clergyman who represented them, in vouching "for their safe delivery at the gates of the New Jerusalem." Nearly 4,000,000 pupils, instructed by 325,000 teachers, are in the Sunday-schools. The people generally believe in the Bible, observe the Sabbath, attend church, have few divorces, and rejoice that slavery is at an end forever. But while all this may be true, there is urgent human need in the Southern States that demands the united charities of the entire Christian Church—need that in its terrible pressure is driving the conservatives even into the general harmony of all the Protestant branches.

It is almost an impossibility for an ardent reformer who deeply feels the wants of the times not to advocate reconstruction on his own models. Episcopalian and Congregationalist see the difficulties of conflicting denominationalism, would end all jarring and competition, and bring in an era of wondrous peace and prosperity—each on his own principles of church polity. "The duty of the hour is co-operation," said the Protestant Episcopal Bishop Harris, of Michigan, "not political nor partisan, but Christian." Like Tayler Lewis, he urges reunion of sections between whom the least differences exist, pathetically portrays the ineradicable evils of division, and insists that the last schismatic should be the first to return. The sin of schism is in inverse proportion to its cause. Not for truth, but for mere opinion or taste, the several persuasions are contending with each other. Consciously or unconsciously, true and noble men plead with passion and pathos for union of others with themselves on their own principles. To the Independent, the only possible union is that of unity in diversity. Development is of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous, of the simple into the differentiated. "Diversity," quoth Dr. Washington Gladden, "is not division." Organic union or liturgical worship is not practicable. Sentimental union is of no great value. "It is all right to say we love one another if it is true," to talk about an essential unity "if it is a fact." There has been an over-issue of such currency, so that it is depreciated in value. Real unity manifests itself in the common strengthening of each church for its own work. There is no recognition of parity where each does not recognize the right of the other to live. The real remedy for church evils is co-operation; that implies the extermination of half the church corporations in some localities. Christians should find out in what things they do agree, and then take steps to avoid that multiplication of churches in favored neighborhoods which is a scandal to the faith they profess. Colonies of rich men and their families should establish churches in poor, neglected districts, and thus furnish what the poor need more than they need instruction, namely, friends.

Professor George E. Post, of Beirut, Syria, a successful missionary of many years' experience, painted the evils of schism in the darkest colors, said that Bible lands had passed under the power of Islam through the irreconcilable divisions of Christians, and that modern successors might suffer the same fate if they do not unite. The past of the Church has been an age of creeds, the future should be an age of deeds; the past has been one of strife, the future should be of life. The concrete Protestant church of Beirut has endured all shocks for sixty years, and is an example of Christian union to Mohammedans. "Brethren," exclaimed the earnest veteran, "go home to your Conferences, Presbyteries, and Associations, and tell the bigots and fanatics to stand aside."

The loud and prolonged applause with which all such pleadings for a co-operation that logically ends in organic union were received foretells modification of the Church visible. But what form that modification will take none may safely predict. The good sense of the American people will reject all claims to apostolical succession that are not sustained by apostolic spirit and life. It will break through all the walls that separate denominations, and recognize the Christ spirit in whomsoever it may be embodied. The churches of Mansfield, Ohio, and of Oswego, New York, have fraternally co-operated, and do, without sacrifice of preferences, and to the exclusion of that shameful proselytism which has been, and to some extent is, the opprobrium of Protestant organizations. The duty of instruction is that of the Church, the right of private judgment is that of the individual. Under favoring circumstances the factors of elective affinity, doctrinal conviction, and devotion to beneficence should and will decide the question of ecclesiastical connection. The success of the Rev. Dr. Schauffler's non-denominational work in New York also shows that the religious and moral necessities of our largest cities may be overtaken by co-operative Christian effort. Some Roman Catholic priests are willing to participate in the work. "If you find any good-for-nothing Catholics, send them to me, or send me to them; and if I find any good-for-nothing Congregationalists, I will send them to you, or you to them," remarked a good-natured "father" to a zealous Congregationalist minister.

Co-operation in practical evangelization, in planting churches, conducting foreign missionary operations, publishing religious literature, and applying Christian ethics to the wants and woes of humanity is clearly feasible. Consolidation, absorption of smaller denominations by larger, organic union of churches that no living question ought to keep apart for a single year, will keep step with common-sense Christian co-operation. Ministers may be spared by the thousand and dollars by the million for the doing of work now altogether untouched because of unbusinesslike methods and lack of essentially Christian ideas and temper. Church creeds and politics are only incidents of progress to the ideal, and like the text-books and clothes of former years may profitably be laid aside for advanced manuals and more fitting garments suited to the busy and eventful present. Christ left no unchangeable form of government to His disciples, intending doubtless that form should change—as does dress or house—with successive changes of circumstance. The Church of the future will come of itself, but in no special shape of present devising. The manifest drift of the Churches is to the application of Christian ethics in every relation of life. Neither studied in public schools nor in universities—except as an elective—the science is one of primal value to the nation. In the earlier centuries speculation busied itself first with God, next with man, then with the duties of man to God. Later on it took up the subject of human brotherhood, has since evolved a theory thereof that is wellnigh as philosophic as the Athanasian or Nicene creed, and in these last days begins to inquire more fully into the duties of man to man. The original settlers of this country brought with them the dissidence of dissent, and were the Protestants of Protestantism. But neither they nor their descendants ever doubted the correlation of duty with right, or of responsibility with privilege. But this is not one of the subjects of instruction in public schools generally, if we may accept Professor Boyesen's statements. Rights of American citizenship are proper material for instruction, but no edification is complete unless the corresponding duties be inbuilt at the same time. "The world owes every man a living," provided the man is willing to earn it honestly. The multitude of dangerous modern demagogues need to know that American civilization is founded in love and law—in law as well as love.

The need of applied Christian ethics is startling in newspaper editorials and general items, and in the legislation of State and nation. The newspaper is but little above the moral average of the reader, or the legislator above that of his constituents. Local officials not infrequently sink below the general level. The avowed conviction of the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, without saying anything about theology, philosophy, classics, science, or Biblical criticism, is that the most pressing and important duty of the hour is the co-operative application of Christian ethics. The factors which lead to this conclusion are found in the perils of our great cities. Fifty-four per cent. of the population in fifty of our largest cities are of foreign birth or of foreign parentage. Many of them are goodly additions to citizenship, but the majority are illiterate, bigoted, or immoral. Some are venomously infidel, burning to avenge on American society the wrongs suffered in other lands, the prey of visionary or frenzied demagogues, dangerous to free institutions, and unassimilable to republican democratic society. The doctrine of Rousseau that society in Europe was spoiled by its environment, and that it would be perfect in a new country, freed from the old conditions, finds its echo not only in the works of Franklin and Jefferson, but in the political Constitution of the United States. Its authors planned for themselves and descendants, but never dreamed of the veritable migration of so many and so diverse nations to America in the following century. Fifteen millions of them and of their children are now domiciled within the national domain. How to convert all these into loyal American citizens is one of the social problems of the times.

Anarchy, socialism, the strife between capital and labor, loose notions of the family, the practice of social vice, ultramontanism, illiteracy, the saloon, and estrangement from the church, are other affairs which require patient and profound study. Diligent and wise use of the Christian resources of the nation, compendiously and eloquently described by Dr. James M. King—a use which implies a practicality in philanthropy and an altruism in men of wealth hitherto unknown in the history of the ages—will, in the deepest convictions of Christian optimists, solve all problems, surmount all obstacles, and fuse all the national conglomerate into one homogeneous mass, white-hot with genuine love, alight with the radiance of truth, surely obedient to law, and brightest in the constellation of nations.

RICHARD WHEATLEY.

A PAINTER'S DREAM.

IN a sort of heavenly rapture,
Eating smoked beef and eggs,
The painter sat at the table
That wobbled upon its legs.

And he talked of nothing but Venice,
The beautiful Bride of the Sea—
Of palace, martello tower,
And vine-clad balcony;

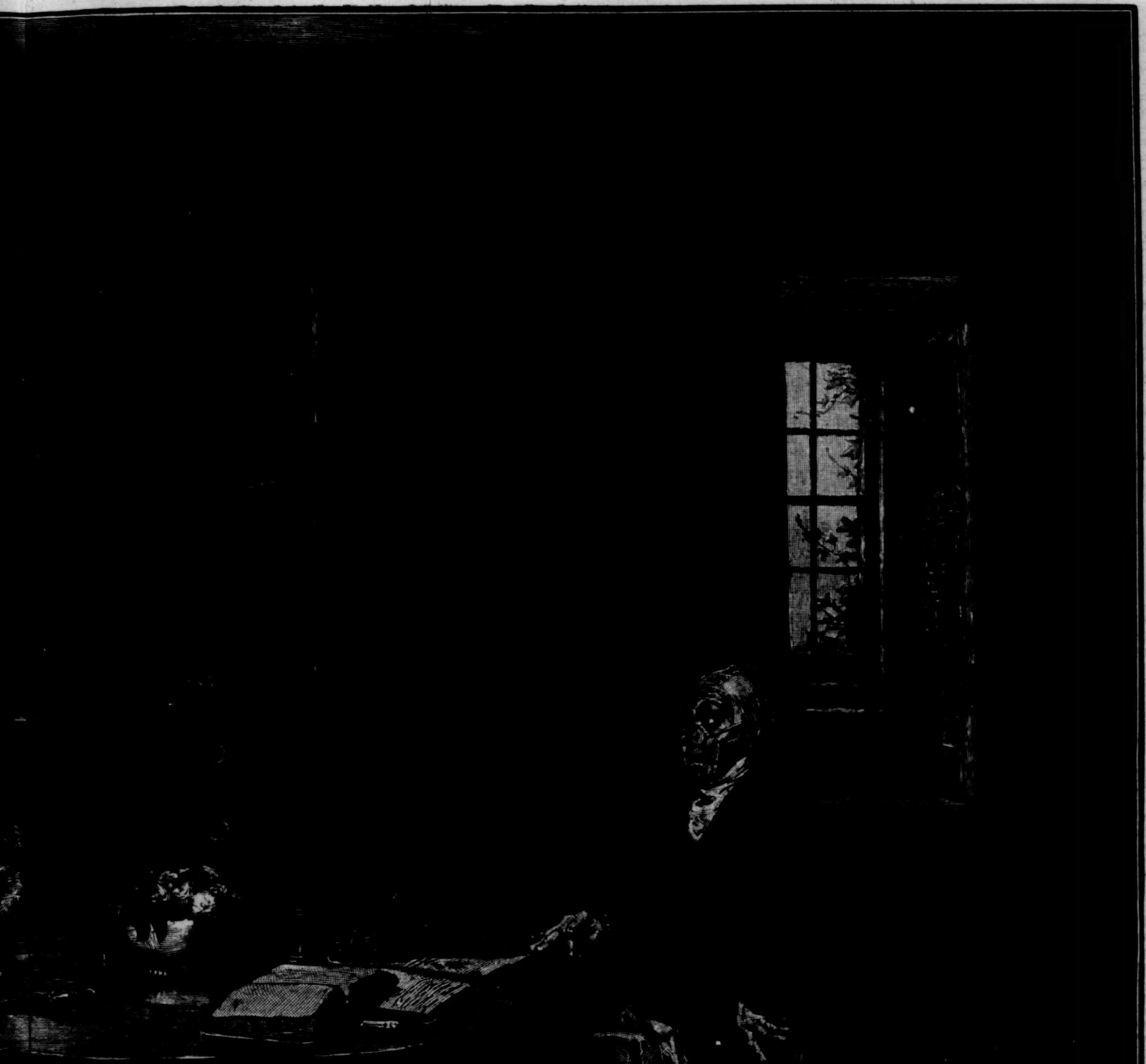
Of the gondolier a-singing
Upon the calm lagoon,
And the quaint streets dimly lighted
By the summer moon.

"O Venice! beautiful Venice!"
He said, with a heart-felt sigh;
"It's the place to live and love in
And cling to till you die."

And the writer this information
Of his kind reader begs:
How could he dream of Venice
While eating smoked beef and eggs?

R. K. M.

"AN UNEXPECTED VISIT FROM AN OLD COLLEGE C



CHUM."—From the Painting by Frederick Barnard.—[See Page 7.]

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.

(Continued from front page.)

mouth and a novel in his hand, which he was pretending to read. The fourth member of the party, Melick, was seated near the mainmast, folding some papers in a peculiar way. His occupation at length attracted the roving eyes of Featherstone, who poked forth his head from his hammock, and said, in a sleepy voice:

"I say, Melick, you're the most energetic fellah I ever saw. By Jove! you're the only one aboard that's busy. What are you doing?"

"Paper boats," said Melick, in a business-like tone.

"Paper boats! By Jove!" said Featherstone. "What for?"

"I'm going to have a regatta," said Melick. "Anything to kill time, you know."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Featherstone, again raising himself higher in his hammock, "that's not a bad idea. A wegatta! By Jove! glowious! glowious! I say, Oxenden, did you hear that?"

"What do you mean by a regatta?" asked Oxenden, lazily.

"Oh, I mean a race with these paper boats. We can bet on them, you know."

At this Featherstone sat upright, with his legs dangling out of the hammock.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed again. "Betting! So we can. Do you know, Melick, old chap, I think that's a wegular piece of inspiration. A wegatta! and we can bet on the best boat."

"But there isn't any wind," said Oxenden.

"Well, you know, that's the fun of it," said Melick, who went solemnly on as he spoke, folding his paper boats; "that's the fun of it. For you see if there was a wind we should be going on ourselves, and the regatta couldn't come off; but, as it is, the water is just right. You pick out your boat, and lay your bet on her to race to some given point."

"A given point? But how can we find any?"

"Oh, easily enough; something or anything—a bubble 'll do, or we can pitch out a bit of wood."

Upon this Featherstone descended from his perch, and came near to examine the proceedings, while the other two, eager to take advantage of the new excitement, soon joined him. By this time Melick had finished his paper boats. There were four of them, and they were made of different colors, namely, red, green, yellow, and white.

"I'll put these in the water," said Melick, "and then we can lay our bets on them as we choose. But first let us see if there is anything that can be taken as a point of arrival. If there isn't anything, I can pitch out a bit of wood in any direction which may seem best."

Saying this, he went to the side, followed by the others, and all looked out carefully over the water.

"There's a black speck out there," said Oxenden.

"So there is," said Featherstone. "That 'll do. I wonder what it is?"

"Oh, a bit of timber," said Melick. "Probably the spar of some ship."

"It don't look like a spar," said the doctor; "it's only a round spot, like the float of some net."

"Oh, it's a spar," said Melick. "It's one end of it, the rest is under water."

The spot thus chosen was a dark, circular object about a hundred yards away, and certainly did look very much like the extremity of some spar, the rest of which was under water. Whatever it was, however, it served well enough for their present purpose, and no one took any further interest in it, except as the point toward which the paper boats should run in their eventful race.

Melick now let himself down over the side, and placed the paper boats on the water as carefully as possible. After this the four stood watching the little fleet in silence. The water was perfectly still, and there was no perceptible wind, but there were draughts of air caused by the rise and fall of the yacht, and these affected the tiny boats. Gradually they drew apart, the green one drifting astern, the yellow one remaining under the vessel, while the red and the white were carried out in the direction where they were expected to go, with about a foot of space between them.

"Two to one on the red!" cried Featherstone, betting on the one which had gained the lead.

"Done," said Melick, promptly taking his offer.

Oxenden made the same bet, which was taken by Melick and the doctor.

Other bets were now made as to the direction which they would take, as to the distance by which the red would beat the white, as to the time which would be occupied by the race, and as to fifty other things which need not be mentioned. All took part in this; the excitement rose high and the betting went on merrily. At length it was noticed that the white was overhauling the red. The excitement grew intense; the betting changed its form, but was still kept up, until at last the two paper boats seemed blended together in one dim spot which gradually faded out of sight.

It was now necessary to determine the state of the race, so Featherstone ordered out the boat. The four were soon embarked, and the men rowed out toward the point which had been chosen as the end of the race. On coming near they found the paper boats stuck together, saturated with water, and floating limp on the surface. An animated discussion arose about this. Some of the bets were off, but others remained an open question, and each side insisted upon a different view of the case. In the midst of this Featherstone's attention was drawn to the dark spot already mentioned as the goal of the race.

"That's a queer-looking thing," said he, suddenly. "Pull up, lads, a little; let's see what it is. It doesn't look to me like a spar."

The others, always on the lookout for some new object of interest, were attracted by these words, and looked closely at the thing in question. The men pulled. The boat drew nearer.

"It's some sort of floating vessel," said Oxenden.

"It's not a spar," said Melick, who was at the bow.

And as he said this he reached out and grasped at it. He failed to get it, and did no more than touch it. It moved easily and sank, but soon came up again. A second time he grasped at it, and with both hands. This time he caught it, and then lifted it out of the water into the boat. These proceedings had been watched with the deepest interest; and now, as this curious floating thing made its appearance among them, they all crowded around it in eager excitement.

"It looks like a can of preserved meat," said the doctor.

"It certainly is a can," said Melick, "for it's made of metal; but as to preserved meat, I have my doubts."

The article in question was made of metal, and was cylindrical in shape. It was soldered tight, and evidently contained something. It was about eighteen inches long and eight wide. The nature of the metal was not easily perceptible, for it was coated with slime, and covered over about half its surface with barnacles and sea-weed. It was not heavy, and would have floated higher out of the water had it not been for these incumbrances.

"It's some kind of preserved meat," said the doctor. "Perhaps something good—game, I dare say—yes, Yorkshire game pie. They pot all sorts of things now."

"If it's game," said Oxenden, "it 'll be rather high by this time. Man alive! look at those weeds and shells. It must have been floating for ages."

"It's my belief," said Featherstone, "that it's part of the provisions laid in by Noah for his long voyage in the ark. So come, let's open it, and see what sort of diet the antediluvians had."

"It may be liquor," said Oxenden.

Melick shook his head.

"No," said he; "there's something inside, but whatever it is, it isn't liquor. It's odd, too. The thing is of foreign make, evidently. I never saw anything like it before. It may be Chinese."

"By Jove!" cried Featherstone, "this is getting exciting. Let's go back to the yacht and open it."

The men rowed back to the yacht.

"It's meat of some sort," continued the doctor. "I'm certain of that. It has come in good time. We can have it for dinner."

"You may have my share, then," said Oxenden. "I hereby give and bequeath to you all my right, title, and interest in and to anything in the shape of meat that may be inside."

"Meat cans," said Melick, "are never so large as that."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said the doctor. "They make up pretty large packages of pemmican for the arctic expeditions."

"But they never pack up pemmican in copper cylinders," said Melick, who had been using his knife to scrape off the crust from the vessel.

"Copper!" exclaimed Oxenden. "Is it copper?"

"Look for yourselves," said Melick, quietly.

They all looked, and could see, where the knife had cut into the vessel, that it was as he said. It was copper.

"It's foreign work," said Melick. "In England we make tin cans for everything. It may be something that's drifted out from Mogadore or some port in Morocco."

"In that case," said Oxenden, "it may contain the mangled remains of one of the wives of some Moorish pasha."

By this time they had reached the yacht and hurried aboard. All were eager to satisfy their curiosity. Search was made for a cold-chisel, but to no purpose. Then Featherstone produced a knife which was used to open sardine boxes, but after a faithful trial this proved useless. At length Melick, who had gone off in search of something more effective, made his appearance, armed with an axe. With this he attacked the copper cylinder, and by means of a few dexterous blows succeeded in cutting it open. Then he looked in.

"What do you see?" asked Featherstone.

"Something," said Melick, "but I can't quite make it out."

"If you can't make it out, then shake it out," said Oxenden.

Upon this Melick took the cylinder, turned it upside down, shook it smartly, and then lifted it and pounded it against the deck. This served to loosen the contents, which seemed tightly packed, but came gradually down until at length they could be seen and drawn forth. Melick drew them forth, and the contents of the mysterious copper cylinder resolved themselves into two packages.

The sight of these packages only served to intensify their curiosity. If it had been some species of food it would at once have revealed itself, but these packages suggested something more important. What could they be? Were there treasures inside—jewels, or golden ornaments from some Moorish seraglio, or strange coin from far Cathay?

One of the packages was very much larger than the other. It was enclosed in wrappers made of some coarse kind of felt, bound tight with strong cords. The other was much smaller, and was folded in the same material without being bound. This Melick seized and began to open.

"Wait a minute," said Featherstone. "Let's make a bet on it. Five guineas that it's some sort of jewels!"

"Done," said Oxenden.

Melick opened the package, and it was seen that Featherstone had lost. There were no jewels, but one or two sheets of something that looked like paper. It was not paper, however, but some vegetable product which was used for the same purpose. The surface was smooth, but the color was dingy, and the lines of the vegetable fibres were plainly discernible. These sheets were covered with writing.

"Halloa!" cried Melick. "Why, this is English!"

At this the others crowded around to look on, and Featherstone in his excitement forgot that he had lost his bet. There were three sheets, all covered with writing—one in English, another in French, and a third in German. It was the same message, written in these three different languages. But at that moment they scarcely noticed this. All that they saw was the message itself, with its mysterious meaning.

It was as follows:

"*To the finder of this:*

"*Sir,—I am an Englishman, and have been carried by a series of incredible events to a land from which escape is as impossible as from the grave. I have written this and committed it to the sea, in the hope that the ocean currents may bear it within the reach of civilized man. Oh, unknown friend! whoever you are, I entreat you to let this message be made known in some way to my father, Henry More, Keswick, Cumberland, England, so that he may learn the fate of his son. The MS. accompanying this contains an account of my adventures, which I should like to have forwarded to him. Do this for the sake of that mercy which you may one day wish to have shown to yourself.*

"*Adam More.*"

"By Jove!" cried Featherstone, as he read the above, "this is really getting to be something tremendous."

"This other package must be the manuscript," said Oxenden, "and it 'll tell all about it."

"Such a manuscript 'll be better than meat," said the doctor, sententiously.

Melick said nothing, but opening his knife he cut the cords and unfolded the wrapper. He saw a great collection of leaves, just like those of the letter, of some vegetable substance, smooth as paper, and covered with writing.

"It looks like Egyptian papyrus," said the doctor. "That was the common paper of antiquity."

"Never mind the Egyptian papyrus," said Featherstone, in feverish curiosity. "Let's have the contents of the manuscript. You, Melick, read; you're the most energetic of the lot, and when you're tired the rest of us will take turns."

"Read? Why, it 'll take a month to read all this," said Melick.

"All the better," said Featherstone; "this calm will probably last a month, and we shall have something to interest us."

Melick made no further objection. He was as excited as the rest, and so he began the reading of the manuscript.

CHAPTER II.

ADRIFT IN THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN.

My name is Adam More. I am the son of Henry More, apothecary, Keswick, Cumberland. I was mate of the ship *Trevelyan*, (Bennet, master), which was chartered by the British Government to convey convicts to Van Dieman's Land. This was in 1843. We made our voyage without any casualty, landed our convicts in Hobart Town, and then set forth on our return home. It was the 17th of December when we left. From the first adverse winds prevailed, and in order to make any progress we were obliged to keep well to the south. At length, on the 6th of January, we sighted Desolation Island. We found it, indeed, a desolate spot. In its vicinity we saw a multitude of smaller islands, perhaps a thousand in number, which made navigation difficult, and forced us to hurry away as fast as possible. But the aspect of this dreary spot was of itself enough to repel us. There were no trees, and the multitude of islands seemed like moss-covered rocks; while the temperature, though in the middle of the antarctic summer, was from 38° to 58° Fahr.

In order to get rid of these dangerous islands we stood south and west, and at length found ourselves in south latitude 65°, longitude 60° east. We were fortunate enough not to find any ice, although we were within 1500 miles of the South Pole, and far within that impenetrable icy barrier which in 1773 had arrested the progress of Captain Cook. Here the wind failed us, and we lay becalmed and drifting. The sea was open all around us, except to the southeast, where there was a low line along the horizon terminating in a lofty promontory; but though it looked like land we took it for ice. All around us whales and grampuses were gambolling and spouting in vast numbers. The weather was remarkably fine and clear.

For two or three days the calm continued, and we drifted along helplessly, until at length we found ourselves within a few miles of the promontory above mentioned. It looked like land, and seemed to be a rocky island rising from the depths of the sea. It was, however, all covered with ice and snow, and from this there extended eastward as far as the eye could reach an interminable line of ice, but toward the southwest the sea seemed open to navigation. The promontory was very singular in shape, rising up to a peak which was at least a thousand feet in height, and forming a striking object, easily discovered and readily identified by any future explorer. We named it, after our ship, Trevelyan Peak, and then felt anxious to lose sight of it forever. But the calm continued, and at length we drifted in close enough to see immense flocks of seals dotting the ice at the foot of the peak.

Upon this I proposed to Agnew, the second mate, that we should go ashore, shoot some seals, and bring them back. This was partly for the excitement of the hunt, and partly for the honor of landing in a place never before trodden by the foot of man. Captain Bennet made some objections; but he was old and cautious, and we were young and venturesome, so we laughed away his scruples and set forth. We did not take any of the crew, owing to the captain's objections. He said that if we chose to throw away our own lives he could not help it, but that he would positively refuse to allow a single man to go with us. We thought this refusal an excess of caution amounting to positive cowardice, but were unable to change his mind. The distance was not great, the adventure was attractive, and so the captain's gig was lowered, and in this Agnew and I rowed ashore. We took with us a double-barrelled rifle apiece, and also a pistol. Agnew took a glass.

We rowed for about three miles, and reached the edge of the ice, which extended far out from the promontory. Here we landed, and secured the boat by means of a small grappling-iron, which we thrust into the ice. We then walked toward the promontory for about a mile, and here we found a multitude of seals. These animals were so fearless that they made not the slightest movement as we came up, but stared at us in an indifferent way. We killed two or three, and then debated whether to go to the promontory or not. Agnew was eager to go, so as to touch the actual rock; but I was satisfied with what we had done, and was now desirous of returning. In the midst of this I felt a flake of snow on my cheek. I started and looked up. To my great surprise, I saw that the sky had changed since I had last noticed it. When we left the ship it was clear and blue, but now it was overspread with dark, leaden-colored

clouds, and the snow-flakes that had fallen were ominous of evil. A snow-storm here, in the vicinity of the ice, was too serious a thing to be disregarded. But one course now remained, and that was an immediate return to the ship.

Each of us seized a seal and dragged it after us to the boat. We reached it and flung them in. Just at that moment a gun sounded over the water. It was from the ship—the signal of alarm—the summons from the captain for our return. We saw now that she had been drifting since we left her, and had moved southwest several miles. The row back promised to be far harder than the pull ashore, and what was worse, the wind was coming up, the sea was rising, and the snow was thickening. Neither of us said a word. We saw that our situation was very serious, and that we had been very foolhardy; but words were useless now. The only thing to be done was to pull for the ship with all our strength, and that was what we did.

So we pushed off, and rowed as we had never rowed before. Our progress was difficult. The sea grew steadily rougher; the wind increased; the snow thickened; and, worst of all, the day was drawing to a close. We had miscalculated both as to distance and time. Even if it had continued calm, we should have had to row back in the dark; but now the sun was setting, and with the coming darkness we had to encounter the gathering storm and the blinding snow. We rowed in silence. At every stroke our situation grew more serious. The wind was from the south, and therefore favored us to some extent, and also made less of a sea than would have been produced by a wind from any other quarter; but then this south wind brought dangers of its own, which we were soon to feel—new dangers and worse ones. For this south wind drove the ship farther from us, and at the same time broke up the vast fields of ice and impelled the fractured masses northward. But this was a danger which we did not know just then. At that time we were rowing for the ship, and amid the darkness and the blinding snow and the dashing waves we heard from time to time the report of signal-guns fired from the ship to guide us back. These were our only guide, for the darkness and the snow had drawn the ship from our sight, and we had to be guided by our hearing only.

We were rowing for our lives, and we knew it; but every moment our situation grew more desperate. Each new report of the gun seemed to sound farther away. We seemed always to be rowing in the wrong direction. At each report we had to shift the boat's course somewhat, and pull toward the last point from which the gun seemed to sound. With all this the wind was increasing rapidly to a gale, the sea was rising and breaking over the boat, the snow was blinding us with its ever-thickening sleet. The darkness deepened, and at length had grown so intense that nothing whatever could be seen—neither sea nor sky, not even the boat itself—yet we dared not stop; we had to row. Our lives depended on our efforts. We had to row, guided by the sound of the ship's gun, which the ever-varying wind incessantly changed, till our minds grew all confused, and we rowed blindly and mechanically.

So we labored for hours at the oars, and the storm continually increased, and the sea continually rose, while the snow fell thicker and the darkness grew intenser. The reports of the gun now grew fainter; what was worse, they were heard at longer intervals, and this showed us that Captain Bennet was losing heart; that he was giving us up; that he despaired of finding us, and was now firing only an occasional gun out of a mournful sense of duty. This thought reduced us to despair. It seemed as if all our efforts had only served to take us farther away from the ship, and deprived us of all motive for rowing any harder than was barely necessary to keep the boat steady. After a time Agnew dropped his oar and began to bail out the boat—a work which was needed; for, in spite of our care, she had shipped many seas, and was one-third full of water. He worked away at this while I managed the boat, and then we took turns at bailing. In this way we passed the dreary night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARE THEY FISHING?

When the provincial government shall have put up a line of floating buoys around their coast clearly defining what is the maritime league, then perhaps the Yankee fisherman will better understand what part of the broad ocean belongs to all the world, and of what other portion it is the special privilege to belong to the Canadian shore. Even to those of an amphibious calling the precise situation of that mobile dead-line, if it may be so-called, which divides a watery *meum* from *tuum*, is often a question of doubt.

In Mr. Robert Harris's spirited sketch the Canadian fishermen are no doubt geographically perfect. There, off that little bit of headland, lies the three-mile limit, and just beyond it they see drifting in a little group of Yankee fishermen. There may be the least bit of haze, so that at three miles in the offing what those smacks are doing cannot be precisely ascertained. The Canadian fishermen have been cleaning a lot of fish—last night's catch—and it has been rather monotonous work. But for the last hour they have been full of excitement. Some one with sharp eyes made out one of the boats just through the morning mist; then a second, a third, a fourth sail appeared. Then indeed there was something to talk about. "How was the tide?" "Was it flood or ebb?" "In what quarter was the wind?" "Were those bold smacks a-coming in just on purpose, or were they floating in?" "Just a-loafing around?" But in they come, nearer and nearer. Fishing had not been bad in the little bay, and there might have come the chance to these Canadian fishermen to make up by their toil the poor luck they had had before. "It's right down hard that these Yankees should come in that way, pick up our good fishing ground, and steal the bread clean out of our mouths," is what one of them says; and maybe this very fisherman has taken many a cruise himself on a Gloucester smack, and earned good wages on a Yankee boat, and had been better fed and more cared for than on any provincial craft he had ever sailed in. He is now, however, quite likely to forget all that. The excitement among the little knot of fishermen on the wharf rises to fever-heat. Some of the incoming smacks are bow on, others have their sides exposed to the searching eyes of the fish-cleaners, though, as far as gutting or scaling the herrings go, there is but little of that business done for the nonce. Now the momentous question is, "Are they fishing?" It is not easy to say at that distance, three miles off, what those boats are really doing. If they were working a seine, that act would readily disclose itself, for there would be boats scurrying around. If they are hand-fishing at three miles' distance, though they were hauling in cod or mackerel as fast as they could pull in their lines, it would be more difficult to determine. Is it an outrage, a defiance of all those vested rights Canada claims, or is it not? Maybe they are coming in on some errand or other which the provincial government with great condescension permits.

Perhaps, though no one knows exactly who it is, there may be one man among the Canadians who has made some very clever but essentially private arrangements to supply those "audacious Yankees" with a few boat-loads of bait that very night. The boats come floating in nearer and nearer. The debatable ground is passed, the limit is reached, and now doubts give place to certainties. It is no longer the question, "Are they fishing?" but the positive assertion is, "They are fishing." One of the fishermen on the wharf suggests that "something oughter be done," but fails to designate what should be the exact thing. The provincial guard steamer detailed to watch the three-mile line is at some other point on the coast. It becomes more and more evident that those Yankee boats have taken advantage of the situation. Just when the debate on the wharf is at its crisis of "what to do" there comes a little cat's-paw, and the quiet waters of the bay are all in a ripple. The Yankee craft get the wind before it has reached the shore. They trim their sails very leisurely, lazily glide out of the small bay, and in a quarter of an hour afterward have doubled the little cape, and are lost to sight. But all that day those shore fishermen talk about the unlawful doings of those Yankee skippers, for fishing within the three-mile limit is unlawful; and the incident swells in magnitude, becomes an act fraught with "outrage," that is, when it comes out in print.

A SCENE IN THE ROCKIES.

The mountain scenes of the Old World have lost the charm of the unknown. They have been explored so often, and so often have different travellers given the results of their experience, that, comparatively at least, they have ceased to have attractions. There is no longer any mystery about the Alps or the Apennines; and the departure of mystery implies a loss of interest, and a consequent diminution of the attractive force. In the memory of men still living the Highlands of Scotland were a region of mist and clouds, of snow-capped mountains and far-receding lakes, of the red deer and the kilted Gael. The Scott novels created a rage for the Highlands. They must be seen. They were seen. The mist remains, but the mystery is gone. The developed wealth of England after the Napoleonic wars was accompanied by a taste for Continental tours and Alpine scenery; but Continental scenes, having lost their novelty, are gradually losing their charm. The tide has set in favor of American travel. To the European there is no lack of novelty here. We have rivers which approach the character of seas, prairies ocean-like in their width and sweep, and lakes large enough to engulf whole European kingdoms. We have mountains higher than the Alps, and far more extended in their range.

More and more every year, as the tide of enterprise rolls westward, interest centres in that magnificent range of mountains which, running from the extreme north to the extreme south, and called at different points by different names, forms the backbone of the continent. Rocky Mountains is the name which we give to that section which runs through our part of the continent, and forms a sort of dividing line between the Atlantic seaboard and the Pacific slope. Fifty years ago it was comparatively an untouched region. The discovery of gold in California first, and later the laying of the great railroad which connects the Atlantic and the Pacific, have made the Rocky Mountains comparatively familiar territory. The keen and daring hunter of the East is no longer satisfied with the elevated and secluded regions nearer home. He must go to the great mountains of the West. Nor has sport been the only attraction. Silver and gold, scattered in rich profusion in the crevices of the rocks, in the ravines and hollows between the hills, and in the beds of streams which no longer run, have drawn the daring and the enterprising thitherward in crowds; and the crowds go to stay. As the result, not only villages and towns have grown up under the shadow of the great hills, but entire States and Territories.

In the immediate region of the Rocky Mountains life is varied and peculiar, abounding in risks but full of attraction. On another page will be found a suggestive picture, taken on the spot by one of our artists. It is a scene common in those regions. The rugged, jagged, threatening cliffs rise in perpendicular grandeur in front and all around you. Here and there is seen the mule-path, winding up and along and around wherever a pathway is possible. The snow has whitened the upper pinnacles of the rocks. It is a scene of wild and desolate grandeur. You are reminded by the entire aspect of the surroundings that the cold of winter has come, and life is given to the scene by the mules laden with wood, accompanied by their drivers. In those regions coal is scarce or not to be had at all, and the wood cut in the upper ranges is being carried to the mining camps and the neighboring villages.

HUNTING THE WILD-DUCK.

The Great South Bay, skirting the southern coast of Long Island, has long been the favorite resort of duck-hunters, where the succulent canvas-back, and the equally toothsome, though not quite so delicate, red-head, attend every year. The waters of the bay make good feeding-grounds for immense numbers of wild-fowl that congregate here every fall and spring, and although unmerciful war has been waged against them, their numbers are still large enough to attract hundreds of sportsmen from the city, who resort to all kinds of tricks to "bag their game." The picturesque and exciting character of the sport has always rendered duck-shooting the most popular game-hunting in this part of the country, and a very small capture is often considered an ample return for a day's hard labor. But not only have the wild birds in the bay been gradually decreasing in numbers, owing to the deadly war waged against them, but those that have not sought out other feeding-grounds have become so wary and alert that no wiles of the gunner can entice them, by the most deceptive decoys, within gun range by daylight. This has led many duck men living along the coast to spread immense nets over the feeding-grounds overnight. In the morning large numbers of the wild-fowl are found entangled in the nets and drowned. Although not prohibited by law, this method of capturing the birds in quantities seems very unsportsmanlike, and it is condemned most heartily by all who have any skill in using the gun.

But the other methods of ducking, though differing somewhat in detail, are essentially the same, the main object being to entice the feathered creatures within the reach of gunshot. If this can be done, the rewards of the sportsman will be in proportion to the amount of skill he can call into play when the proper moment has arrived for covering the game. Not unfrequently, however, the expert duck-hunter finds himself outshot by a mere amateur in the business, for, adapting the old saying, "A duck in the hand is worth two in the marshes." One is never sure of his bird until he has it in his boat. Just as the hunter "draws a bead" on one of the largest fowl of the flock, a sudden swerve to the right might unsteady his aim, and a quick circle close to his hiding-place so disconcert him that the bird would have time to swoop down close to the marshes, and escape only with a slight wound. The amateur, meanwhile, may have selected a less knowing bird, and without any difficulty brought him down. In "point" shooting, where the gunner stands on some strip of shore and shoots the birds as they pass over, the greatest skill with the gun is required, and no amateur can hope for much success. It is when a sink-box with innumerable decoys around it is used that the amateur may accidentally luck well, or when the "boating" method is employed. This is an objectionable artifice when the swivel-gun is used for mowing the birds down; but when the hunters depend upon their guns for killing the game, then no fault can be found with the method. A strong head-light is placed on the bows of the boat to attract the birds, and the men row about with muffled oars until a flock is discovered. The best shots imaginable are obtained at such times, and the deceptive rays of light are the only things to prevent the hunter from hitting his game hard. Those who are not accustomed to night-shooting say that they cannot hit their bird by means of oil or torch light, and it is only by constant practice that they have any success in duck-hunting by the "boating" method. Another common way of capturing the fowls is to secure a good position before daylight near some marshy pond, where the birds are known to come to feed. A complete hiding-place is made on the marshy bank by means of masses of grass, and then the hunter quietly waits for the birds and the morning light that will enable him to see his game. The birds fly in larger numbers and more fearlessly just before daybreak, and for this reason duck-hunting is carried on chiefly in the night-time or early morning. Later in the day "point" shooting is the only way to kill the birds, and in the Great South Bay, owing to the scarcity of the wild-fowl, this is the surest method yet devised for securing nothing at all.

When driven out of the Great South Bay by the gunners, many of the wild-fowl emigrate to the Chesapeake Bay, where they are met with by sportsmen from Philadelphia and the neighboring cities. Although the gunners are just as eager there to get a few good shots at the birds, the law is stricter than in New York State, and the birds are less mercilessly killed off by sportsmen, bay men, and amateur gunners. North of Turkey Point and Spesutia Island shooting is allowed only on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays of each week from the 1st of November to the 1st of January. All the gunning must be done between five o'clock in the morning and sunset. Night shooting with any kind of gun is prohibited, and no one is allowed to shoot from a vessel, canoe, sneak-boat, or sink-box by day or night within half a mile of the shore. These laws are strictly enforced, and heavy fines are paid by those who break them. It gives Maryland a better chance than many other States, and all visitors to the ducking-grounds have to employ the resident owners of the boats, who make a good living in this way during the cold months of the year. Many wealthy people from the cities run down to the feeding-grounds with their yachts on shooting days; but even then they usually employ one of the bay men to go along with them as guide and general director of the expedition. Early in the morning the yachts and cat-boats can be seen cruising and manœuvring around the shore, waiting for the clock hands to point to the five-o'clock hour, when they sweep over the line in a dead race for the shooting-grounds, each boat bound to be the first one on the spot. The game constable is on hand each morning, and he takes particular care to see that no boats cross the line until the appointed hour. He gives the word to go at the proper time, and the yacht race then begins.

The ducking season is now well advanced, and thousands of dollars have been spent in the rental of feeding-grounds, but fewer ducks have been killed than usual. Very few canvas-backs have been shot, and the red-heads, which often pass for canvas-backs, are nearly as scarce. The mallard has been more abundant at all the feeding-grounds.

George E. Walsh.

THE METHODIST GENERAL HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

The Methodist General Hospital, on Sixth Street and Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, which was formally opened on the 15th of December last, probably represents the most important benevolent enterprise with which the Methodist Church in this country has ever been identified. So far as hospital accommodations are concerned, Methodists heretofore have had to rely on institutions supported by religious bodies other than their own. Though the Methodist Church is the largest of the Protestant denominations, their average wealth is less; consequently it has furnished a very large number of poor patients to hospitals carried on by Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and Jews.

The Methodist General Hospital owes its origin to Mr. George I. Seney, a prominent Methodist and the son of a Methodist clergyman, who in 1881 offered to give the sum of $200,000 to found such an institution, intending at the time that the endowment should be completed by others. As the plans were perfected and the needs of the work developed, Mr. Seney saw that a much greater outlay would be needed. He continued to meet the expenses until his payments had amounted to $410,000. The Church was then asked to raise the sum of $60,000 to complete the eastern pavilion. While the effort was being made to raise this sum the price of labor went up, and it was found that the sum required would be $70,000. The extra $10,000 needed was given in equal sums by the late Oliver Hoyt and Mr. John Slayback, who had before given $5000 to the same fund. Estimating the value of the grounds at the price paid for them, the property to-day is worth $480,000; good judges of real estate values, however, say it is worth twice this sum.

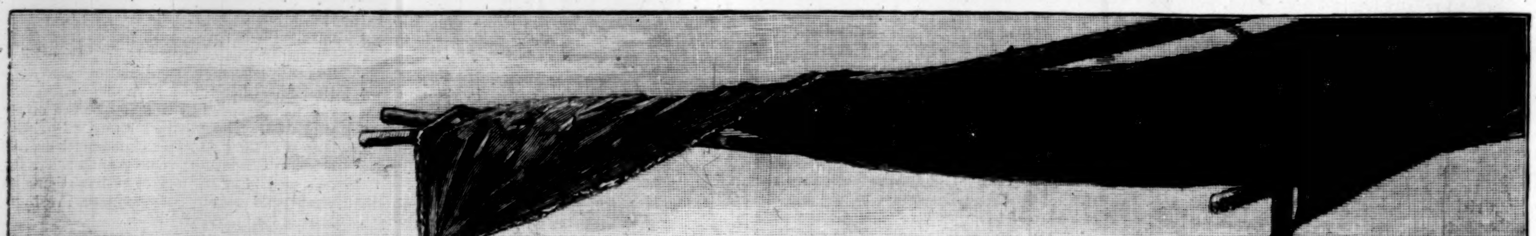
The hospital will be supported by six sources of income under the following heads: 1, interest from invested funds; 2, payments by patients; 3, Church Hospital Association fees; 4, donations from individuals; 5, miscellaneous and hospital collections; 6, subsidies from the city treasury. Eight beds have already been endowed by the payment of $5000 each. The names of the respective endowers are Robinson Brothers, of New York; Mr. William Hoyt, of Stamford; Dr. A. H. Chesebrough, of Hoboken, New Jersey; the New York East Conference; Mr. William S. Johnson, of Poughkeepsie, New York; Mr. Thomas H. Suckley, of Rhinebeck, New York, and two endowments by an anonymous "friend." Other endowments are promised, and the number of endowed beds will soon reach twenty. In the western pavilion, which has just been opened, there are seventy-five beds, including those which are endowed.

There was a need for an institution of this kind. According to Oppert, a recognized authority on hospitals, two hospital beds are required for every 1000 of city population. Calculating the population of Brooklyn at 800,000, it should have 1600 beds for the poor; as a matter of fact it has only 850 beds, 500 of which are in three institutions maintained by the Roman Catholic Church, and from these institutions worthy applicants are almost daily turned away because there is no

THE METHODIST GENERAL HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 11.]

room to receive them. Although this new enterprise has the specific title "Methodist General Hospital," it was not the intention of its founder that it should be conducted on a sectarian basis. When he made his generous gift he especially stipulated that it should be a general hospital, "open to Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, heathen and infidel, on the same terms." It was thought too that the Methodist Church would justly be expected to give its fostering care to an institution bearing its own name. Great hospitals within the last fifty years have been largely the outgrowth of denominational life.

The hospital grounds consist of an entire block, rectangular in shape, being 695 feet from east to west and 200 feet from north to south, or about three and one-fifth acres. It is estimated that the site can safely accommodate 500 patients. The buildings front on Sixth Street, and consist of a main central building and two pavilions on either side of the main building. The main central building is 155 feet 6 inches in length, and 92 feet in depth, exclusive of the tower, which projects 19 feet; the height to the top of the tower is 126 feet. The building is of brick, trimmed with New Jersey freestone. It is fire-proof, the floor beams, partitions, and stairs being of iron, and the roofs of iron, asbestos, and slate. The basement story is 10 feet high, and will contain a sitting and reception room for employés, a sewing-room, toilet and store rooms, an accident reception ward, and an examining room. In this basement is placed ingenious apparatus to convey heat and fresh air to the various rooms on each floor. From the rooms of the main central building are flues to carry off the vitiated air through louvred lanterns in the roof above. The first story, 18 feet high, contains the manager's room, general reception room, officers' and nurses' dining-rooms, superintendent's and clerks' offices, toilet-rooms, and the chapel; the latter will seat 160 persons. The second story, 15 feet in height, contains living-rooms for the superintendent and matron, and private rooms for paying patients. There will be a library and museum over the chapel. The third story is arranged for one ward of ten beds, the necessary service-rooms, and six small rooms for patients. In the fourth story will be the dormitories for nurses. The pavilions on each side of the main building are alike in every respect, being 60 feet wide by 150 feet in depth. The wards proper are rectangular, 96 feet long and 32 feet wide. An isolating-room capable of receiving two patients is provided for each ward. There is a dining-room for convalescents, a dormitory for servants, and an apartment for maniacal patients. It is contemplated to have in the future separate buildings for surgical operating purposes, for the reception and care of the dead, and stables to accommodate an ambulance equipage. While entrance to this hospital will be free to those who look to it for relief and who are too poor to pay, all who are able to pay, if it be only a small sum, will be required to do so.



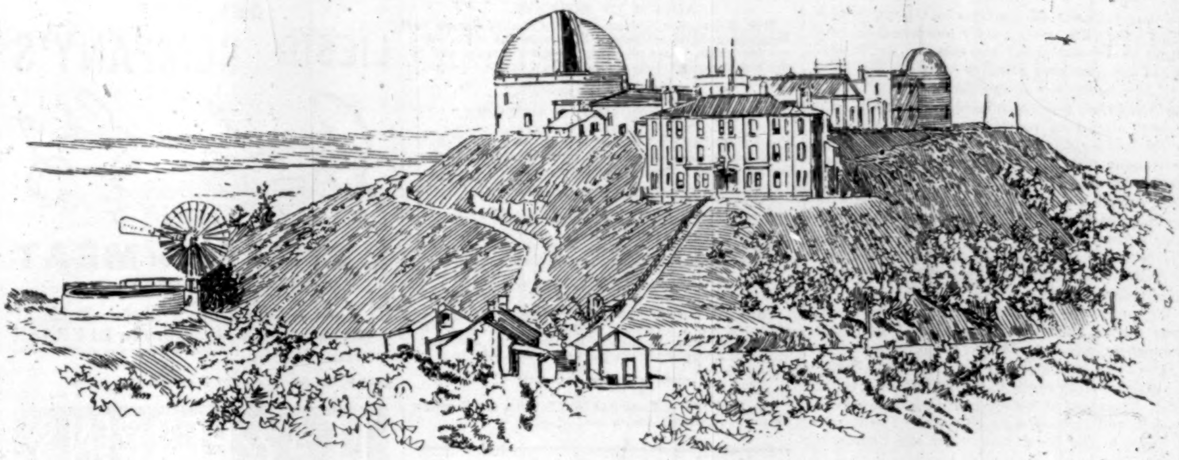
CANADIAN FISHERMEN ON THE OUTLOOK FOR AMERICAN INTRUDERS.—Drawn by Robert Harris.—[See Page 11.]

THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

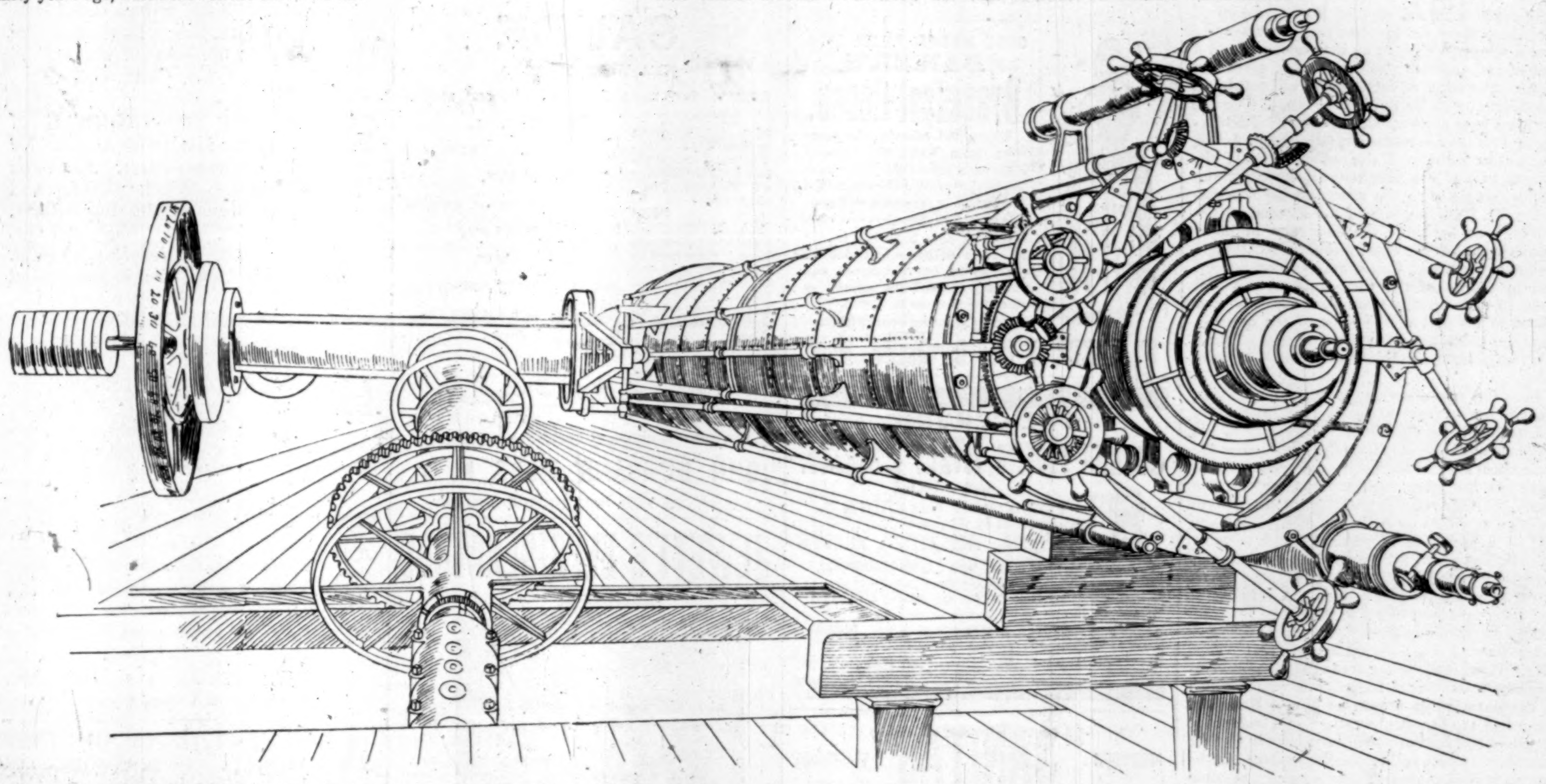
By PROFESSOR EDWARD S. HOLDEN, LL.D.,
DIRECTOR OF THE OBSERVATORY.

THE observatory for which Mr. JAMES LICK, a private citizen of California, gave $700,000 in 1875 is now at last finished and ready for work. Experience has shown that the site chosen is a most satisfactory one. It is on the summit of the highest peak in the Monte Diablo range, 4200 feet above the sea, and some fifty miles from San Francisco. Three-fourths of the year are almost uninterruptedly clear, and the observing weather during this time is specially excellent. The stars do not twinkle, owing to the equal temperature which prevails at night at this high altitude, and can therefore be observed with the highest magnifying powers. The heat of the valleys is confined by a blanket of fog which rolls in from the sea every afternoon, and which does not rise above 2000 feet.

The ancient idea of an observatory was to build it upon a tower which should dominate the mists and smoke of cities. Professor PIAZZI-SMYTH made an expedition to the Peak of Teneriffe some thirty years ago, which showed the enormous advantages of high elevation in delicate astronomical observations. The same advantage has been proved by Professor DAVIDSON in the Sierra Nevada, by Professor YOUNG in the Rocky Mountains, by Professor LANGLEY on Etna and Mount Whitney, by Dr. COPELAND in the Andes, and it is demonstrated to the satisfaction of astronomers that no great telescope ought to be placed at the level of the sea. The observatories of Greenwich, Paris, and Washington have large telescopes which are used in connection with the rest of their instruments, and which have done splendid work. But all competent judges wish these powerful instruments could be placed where they are not handicapped. The Lick Observatory is in a situation where smoke and dust and cloud can never seriously interfere with its usefulness in all time. The choice of Mount Hamilton as a site was made by Mr. LICK himself in 1875. Since his death the work which he projected has been carried on by the board of LICK trustees, and especially by its president, Captain R. S. FLOYD, late of the Confederate navy, and by its superintendent of construction, Mr. T. E. FRASER. These gentlemen have spared no time nor labor, and they have taken every pains to inform themselves as to the requisites of a perfect observatory fit to occupy an ideal situation. At the completion of their task the observatory is turned over to the University of California to become its astronomical department.



THE OBSERVATORY BUILDINGS ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT HAMILTON.



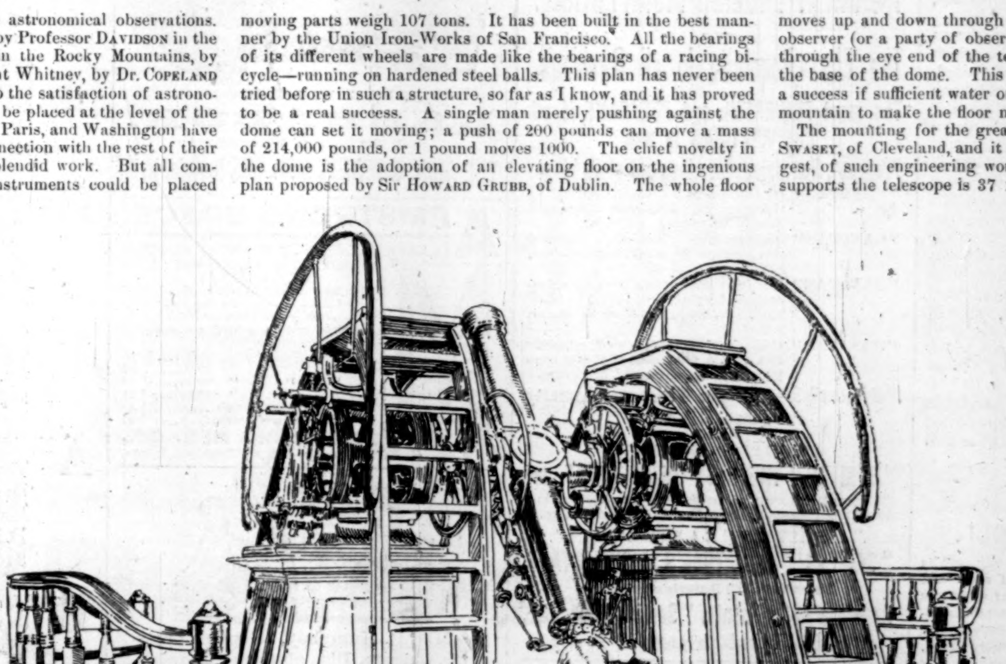
THE 36-INCH EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE AS COMPLETED IN THE WORK-SHOP.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. RYDER, CLEVELAND.

The plans on which the observatory is built were decided on by the LICK trustees, acting under the advice of Professor NEWCOMB, of Washington, and myself. The principal instruments of the observatory are a meridian circle of the finest construction, by REPSOLD, of Hamburg, and equatorial telescopes of six, twelve, and thirty-six inches aperture, whose object-glasses are all made by ALVAN CLARK & SONS. If the brightness of a star as seen in the smallest of these be denoted by unity, the same star in the 12-inch telescope will appear four times as bright, and in the largest no less than thirty-six times as bright. Nearly all the instruments of the observatory are really subsidiary to the largest telescope, and are intended to make its work either more perfect or more complete. The large telescope is covered by an immense dome 75 feet in diameter, whose moving parts weigh 107 tons. It has been built in the best manner by the Union Iron-Works of San Francisco. All the bearings of its different wheels are made like the bearings of a racing bicycle—running on hardened steel balls. This plan has never been tried before in such a structure, so far as I know, and it has proved to be a real success. A single man merely pushing against the dome can set it moving; a push of 200 pounds can move a mass of 214,000 pounds, or 1 pound moves 1000. The chief novelty in the dome is the adoption of an elevating floor on the ingenious plan proposed by Sir HOWARD GRUBB, of Dublin. The whole floor moves up and down through a space of sixteen feet, carrying the observer (or a party of observers) to the proper point for looking through the eye end of the telescope, which at times is far above the base of the dome. This plan also is new, and it is sure to be a success if sufficient water or other power can be obtained on the mountain to make the floor move with sufficient speed.

The mounting for the great telescope was made by WARNER & SWASEY, of Cleveland, and it is probably the best, as it is the largest, of such engineering works. The column of cast-iron which supports the telescope is 37 feet high, and weighs 44,000 pounds. The two steel axes on which the telescope can be turned to each part of the sky weigh about 2500 pounds each. The tube which they carry is 57 feet long, and weighs several tons. The large objective itself weighs about 600 pounds. Every convenient device is provided for the astronomers who are to use the glass, in the way of auxiliary telescopes to read the various divided circles, and of apparatus for directing the great tube accurately to any desired point in the heavens.

The large object-glass is not only suitable for viewing celestial objects, but it is arranged so that they may be photographed if desired. The largest object-glass in the world for visual purposes has been the 30-inch glass at St. Petersburg. The LICK telescope is 36 inches in aperture, and collects 20 per cent. more light. The largest photographic objective has been the Paris glass of 13 inches. The LICK photographic objective is 34 inches, and collects seven times more light. By the latter lens photographs of the sun or moon can be taken nearly six inches in diameter without enlargement. Photographic maps of the stars can be made with this lens which will give thousands and thousands of stars where a tolerably good telescope will only show a few score. All sorts of minor appliances, as spectroscopes and micrometers, are also provided.

The observatory is planned so as to be useful to the community at large in as many ways as possible. Already its time signals are sent daily at noon to every railroad station on the Pacific coast, and as far east as El Paso and Ogden. A set of instruments for the automatic registration of the time, the velocity,



A BIT OF THE INTERIOR.

THE LICK OBSERVATORY AND ITS EQUIPMENT.

and the intensity of earthquake shocks is provided also. The more purely astronomical problems to be attempted are such as the instruments are peculiarly fitted to attack. With the meridian circle one of the astronomers will fix the places of the fundamental stars with the highest attainable precision, giving a standard to which other stars will be referred. The large instrument will be used to study the physical geography of the planets, the constitution of stars, comets, and nebulæ, and in connection with the spectroscope to determine the motion of the solar system in space. Maps of the stars, etc., will be made by photographic means, and the surfaces of the moon and planets will be autographically recorded.

Visitors to the observatory will be always welcome during the daytime to see the buildings and instruments. At present the large telescope will be open to visitors at night, on every Saturday evening from seven to ten, and at these times only. There are no hotel accommodations on the summit, and visitors must be prepared to return at night to the hotel just below the mountain proper.

The Regents of the University of California have taken a liberal view of the necessities of the observatory as to observers, remembering that a telescope without an astronomer is but a useless and expensive combination of glass and metal. The corps of astronomers will consist of the director, with Mr. S. W. BURNHAM, of Chicago, the celebrated observer and discoverer of double-stars; Professor SCHAEBERLE, late of Ann Arbor, who will have charge of the meridian-circle; Mr. KEELER, late of the Allegheny Observatory, who will be busied with the spectroscopic observations; Mr. BARNARD, late of the Vanderbilt Observatory at Nashville, the discoverer of many comets; and of Mr. HILL, formerly assistant to Professor DAVIDSON, United States Coast Survey, and in charge of the Chabot Observatory at Oakland. The various astronomers will each attend to his part of the work of the observatory, and there are fortunately enough of them to utilize the splendid instruments which are provided.

Thus the new observatory begins its activity, after so many years of preparation, with every facility for doing all that is expected of it. It may not make the startling discoveries that are sometimes looked for, as it may well be that there are no more such left. After GALILEO found the four satellites of Jupiter there were no more satellites of Jupiter to find. But there will be a multitude of important and valuable observations which will be made at any rate, and if there are startling discoveries left, the observatory may hope to secure them. A very useful and important part of its work will be to settle certain doubtful questions which other telescopes in less favored situations are not prepared to cope with. It is a little unfortunate that the observatory begins its work in the midst of winter, which is the unfavorable season at Mount Hamilton. But when the beautiful weather does commence (April to November) it will be all ready to take advantage of this, and perhaps the winter months can be well employed in making every possible preparation. Of course each moment of good weather during the winter will be fully utilized, and at least a good beginning will be made.

The completion of this observatory marks an era in the history of astronomy in America, which henceforward will possess the finest observatory in the whole world, situated more favorably than any other, and manned by a competent corps of observers, some of whom have already earned a high and honorable position in their profession. Forty years ago was the date of the founding of our chief American observatories, and they were built on European plans and provided with European instruments. The observatory founded by Mr. LICK is distinctively the product of our own country. Its plans are novel, its vast constructions were made at home, its telescopes were mounted by American artists, and its object-glasses are all from the workshops of that prince of makers ALVAN CLARK. It should be a source of pride to us that the science of astronomy, which is of no country nor time, can find the highest mechanical and artistic skill ready to do its bidding within the borders of our own land, and that we do not have to look beyond its borders to find competent and faithful observers to utilize this magnificent equipment.

READ THE DEATH ROLL,

WHICH the bills of mortality of any large city may be fitly designated, and you will find that renal and vesical maladies, that is to say, those that affect the kidneys or bladder, have a remarkable prominence—we had almost said—preponderance. Bright's disease and diabetes in the chronic stage are rarely cured, and gravel, catarrh of the bladder, and enuresis, slay many. Yet at the outset, when the trouble merely amounts to inactivity of the organs involved, the danger may be nullified by that pleasant renal tonic and diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which imparts the requisite amount of tone to the organs, without over-exciting them, and the use of which is convenient, and involves no elaborate preparation. Dyspepsia, a usual concomitant of renal complaints, and debility, which they invariably produce, are remedied by it. So also are constipation, malarial, rheumatic, and nervous ailments.—[*Adv.*]

IN 1850

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and from that time their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

THE most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are ANGOSTURA BITTERS, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THE GENUINE
JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

THE FAVORITE
TONIC and NUTRIENT,
recommended by Physicians since 1847, for
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, NURSING MOTHERS and LUNG troubles.
The *genuine* has the signature of JOHANN HOFF AND MORITZ EISNER on the neck of every bottle.
EISNER & MENDELSON CO., PHILA.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S.
New York Depot, 6 Barclay St.

REGISTERED "SANITAS" TRADEMARK
The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

The First Requisite in all Dwellings.

The most POWERFUL and PLEASANT of all PREPARATIONS in use.

Fragrant, Non-poisonous, does not stain Linen.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Fluid, for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Powder, a powerful and pleasant preparation for stables, kennels, ashbins, &c.

"SANITAS" Crude Disinfecting Fluid, a concentrated form of "Sanitas," to be diluted with water for flushing drains, &c.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Oil, for fumigating sick rooms, treatment of throat complaints, rheumatism and ringworm.

"Sanitas" Disinfecting Toilet and Laundry Soaps, &c., &c.

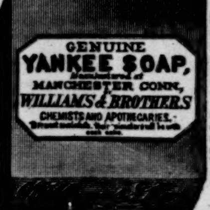
THE REGULAR USE OF
"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and Deodorant, is a sure preventive of all contagious and infectious diseases. It is invaluable in the sick room.

"A PEOPLE'S HEALTH IS A NATION'S WEALTH."

"SANITAS" IS NATURE'S DISINFECTANT.

To be had of all Druggists and of the
American & Continental "Sanitas" Co., Ltd.,
636–642 West 55th street, N. Y. city.

GENUINE
YANKEE



SHAVING SOAP,
for 50 years has been famous for its rich soothing and lasting lather and is the favorite with "SHAVERS" everywhere.
Sold by all dealers in drugs and notions, or sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.
The J. B. Williams Co. Shaving Soap Specialties, Glastonbury, Ct.
Formerly Williams & Bros.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

ASK FOR
LIEBIG COMPANY'S
J. v. Liebig
TRADE MARK
EXTRACT of MEAT
and insist upon no other being substituted for it.
N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)
Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD MEATS,
GAME,
WELSH-RAREBITS,
&c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.
JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS

THE PATENT
LABRADOR.
Send for Book of Information.
THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

ARMSTRONG BRACE!
ELASTIC SUSPENDER WITHOUT RUBBER

COMBINING COMFORT AND DURABILITY.
No Rubber used in these goods. Nickel Plated Brass Springs furnish the Elasticity. **Ask Your Dealer for Them.**
Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, at the following list:

A	Quality, plain or fancy web.....	$ 50
B	" " " web.....	75
C	" " " web.....	1 00
D	" " " web.....	1 25
E	" plain silk web...........	1 50
F	" fancy silk web...........	2 00

ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.,
216 Church st., N.Y. 267 Franklin st., Chicago.

Mrs. R. Humphey, telegraph opertor, Chicago, Ills., gives the following testimony: "I had a bad cough for nearly a year, and could get no relief. Had to leave my place in the office. I tried many remedies, even physicians' prescriptions, without any relief. One evening my husband brought home a bottle of Piso's Cure for Consumption, saying, 'this is the only medicine we have not already tried.' I had not slept a night for six weeks, and could not lie down. I took a dose of Piso's Cure that night before supper, and one at bedtime, laid down and went to sleep, never waking till morning. Have not lost a night's sleep since. This was three months ago, and now I have almost forgotten my cough."

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS.

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD. Twenty-five Engravings by MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS. With Introduction and Descriptive Letterpress by W. M. LAFFAN. Popular Edition. Large Folio, Ornamental Covers, Gilt Edges, $12.00. (*In a box.*)

The following engravers have contributed to the work: V. BERNSTROM, T. COLE, W. B. CLOSSON, JOHN P. DAVIS, FRANK FRENCH, T. JOHNSON, F. S. KING, ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY, G. KRUELL, R. A. MULLER, MISS C. A. POWELL, S. G. PUTNAM, JOHN TINKEY, F. H. WELLINGTON, HENRY WOLF.

W. D. HOWELLS: MODERN ITALIAN POETS. Essays and Versions. With Portraits. 12mo, Half Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $2.00.—APRIL HOPES. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By HENRY CHARLES LEA. In THREE VOLUMES. Vol. I. (Origin and Organization of the Inquisition), 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $3.00. (*Now Ready.*) Vol. II. (The Inquisition in the Several Lands of Christendom) and Vol. III. (Special Fields of Inquisitorial Activity) will be ready shortly.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1887. Vol. VIII. 852 pages. With 770 Illustrations. 4to, Ornamental Cloth, $3.50. Vols. V., VI., and VII., $3.50 each.

THE WONDER CLOCK; or, Four-and-Twenty Marvellous Tales: being One for each Hour of the Day. Written and Illustrated with 160 Drawings by HOWARD PYLE, Author of "Pepper and Salt," "The Rose of Paradise," &c. With Verses by KATHARINE PYLE. Large 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3.00.

ANCIENT CITIES OF THE NEW WORLD. Being Voyages and Explorations in Mexico and Central America, from 1857 to 1882. By DÉSIRÉ CHARNAY. Translated from the French by J. GONINO and HELEN S. CONANT. Introduction by ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE. 209 Illustrations and a Map. Royal 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $6.00.

DRUM-BEAT OF THE NATION. The First Period of the War of the Rebellion, from its Outbreak to the Close of 1862. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, Author of "The Boys of '76," "The Story of Liberty," "Old Times in the Colonies," "Building the Nation," &c. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3.00.

AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY. A Trip through the North of Ireland. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" (the late Mrs. D. M. CRAIK). Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2.50.

BOY TRAVELLERS ON THE CONGO. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey with Henry M. Stanley "Through the Dark Continent." By THOS. W. KNOX, Author of "Boy Travellers in the Far East," &c. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $3.00.

HORSE, FOOT, AND DRAGOONS. Sketches of Army Life at Home and Abroad. By RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM. With Illustrations by the Author. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2.00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postpaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER & BROTHERS' CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents postage-stamps.*

SOLEMN OATHS.

SUBSCRIBER (*to office boy*). "Does the business manager of the paper swear to the circulation?"
OFFICE BOY (*who will never make a journalistic success*). "No, sir, he swears *at* it."

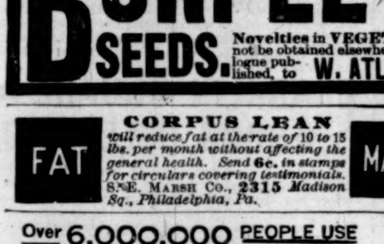
THE NEW LEAF.

"See here, Hosea Spriggles, where are you going? I thought you had turned over a new leaf with the new year."

"So I have, Mrs. Spriggles; but—m—r—ahem!—I thought I'd jes step out and see if it will stay turned."

The unequalled success of **ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS** as an external remedy has stimulated unscrupulous parties to put forth imitations, which they endeavor to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S. It is an absurdity to speak of them in the same category as the genuine and original porous plasters. Their pretensions are unfounded; their vaunted merit unsupported by facts; their alleged superiority to or equality with **Allcock's** a false pretence.

The ablest medical practitioners and chemists, and thousands of grateful patients, unite in declaring ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS the best external remedy known.



Every One Should Try Them.

They are simply perfection for those persons who write rapidly. They will not stick in the paper, spurt, or blot, and they hold more ink than other pens. **12** selected samples sent for trial, in an **English Jubilee Match-box,** *postpaid*, on receipt of **10** cents. Ask for Planished Pens.

SOLE AGENTS,
IVISON, BLAKEMAN & CO.,
753 and 755 Broadway, New York.

BURPEE'S SEEDS. FARM ANNUAL FOR 1888

Will be sent **FREE** to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Book of 128 pp., with hundreds of illustrations, **Colored Plates,** and tells all about the **BEST GARDEN, FARM and FLOWER Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, and Valuable New Books** on Garden Topics. It describes Rare Novelties in **VEGETABLES and FLOWERS of real value,** which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Send address on a postal for the most complete Catalogue published, to **W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

FAT **CORPUS LEAN** *will reduce fat at the rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without affecting the general health. Send* **6c.** *in stamps for circulars covering testimonials.* S. E. MARSH CO., **2315** *Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.* **MADE** **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS** *simply stopping the FAT-producing effects of food. The supply being stopped the natural working of the system draws on the fat and at once reduces weight.* **LEAN**

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE
FERRY'S SEEDS

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be **The LARGEST SEEDSMEN** *in the world.*
D. M. FERRY & Co's *Illustrated, Descriptive & Priced*
SEED ANNUAL For 1888
Will be mailed **FREE to ALL** applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every one using Garden, Field or Flower Seeds should send for it. Address **D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.**

MONEY MADE EASY Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to J. F. W. Dorman, 217 East German St., Baltimore, Md.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

List sent free on application.

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States and Canada.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, of between three and four thousand volumes, mailed on receipt of Ten Cents in Postage-Stamps.

FREE TO F.A.M. Fine Colored Engraving of Ancient York, England, where the first G. Lodge of Masons was held A.D. 926. Also large illustrated Catalogue of Masonic books and goods with bottom prices. Agents wanted. Pay very liberal. ☞ Beware of spurious books. REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 731 Broadway, New York.

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

THE Toy the child likes best!

We take pleasure in informing our patrons that our stock of the celebrated **ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BLOCKS,** *completely sold out before Christmas,* is now replenished and fully assorted, and solicit renewal of their kind orders. The Price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to

F. AD. RICHTER & CO.
NEW YORK, 310 BROADWAY, or LONDON E.C., 1 RAILWAY PLACE, FENCHURCH STREET.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
Near Old Point Comfort,
THE HOTEL WARWICK.

A desirable and accessible Winter Resort for Families and Transient Visitors. Illustrated pamphlet forwarded on application to C. B. ORCUTT, 150 Broadway, New York City, or to J. R. SWINERTON, Manager, Hotel Warwick, Newport News, Va.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

FLORIDA Tracts of land, 5 acres and upwards, on the **HIGH PINE RIDGE,** 80 miles south of Jacksonville. Unexcelled for **ORANGE GROVES, FRUITS,** and **VEGETABLES.** Transportation facilities first-class. Lands will be sold at low prices and on liberal terms. Also town lots in Seville, with water and sewerage facilities. Address **SEVILLE CO., Seville, Fla.**
MASON YOUNG, President, 35 Wall St., N. Y.
R. H. MASON, Sec'y and Treas., Seville, Fla.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

REDFERN
LADIES' TAILOR.

Braided AND Fur-Trimmed GOWNS, COATS, AND WRAPS.

210 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

IMPORTERS, JOBBERS, AND RETAILERS.

Freres Koechlin French Sateens.

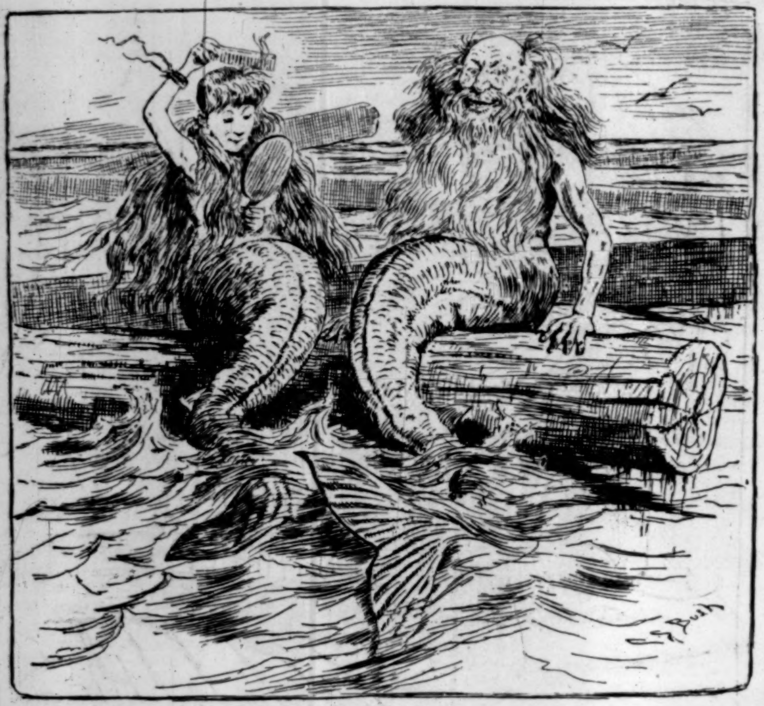
High Novelties and Exclusive Styles in

SCOTCH ZEPHYRS.

Direct importation for Season of 1888 now open.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

"HOME EXERCISER" *or Brain Workers and Sedentary People;* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. DOWD. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other that I liked half as well."



THAT RAFT.

MERMAID. "And where do all these logs come from, papa?"

MERMAN. "From America, my child. In all probability those people are about to build an L railroad across the Atlantic, or use them as poles for electric lights; they are always up to some new-fangled way of disturbing the public highways."

Lundborg's

EDENIA

Lundborg's

RHENISH

Cologne.

LADD & COFFIN, PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS, 24 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK.

We give to every purchaser the privilege of RETURNING THE MACHINE within thirty days if not ABSOLUTELY SATISFACTORY.

REMINGTON

Standard Typewriter.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,

339 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Linen papers and Typewriter supplies of all kinds.

NOTE.—*Our unqualified challenge* for a test of all Writing Machines *remains unaccepted.* Send for copy if interested.

THE CELEBRATED

PIANOS Are at present the most popular and

SOHMER

PIANOS preferred by the leading Artists.

NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK.

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

Are now offering at moderate prices all the latest Novelties in

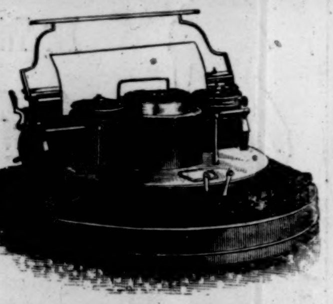
FURS.

184 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

Orders by mail, or information desired, will receive special and prompt attention.

Fashion Plate and Descriptive Catalogue and Price-list sent upon application to persons making themselves known to the house.

"HAMMOND"



TYPEWRITER.

LONDON AWARD, OCTOBER, 1887.

"The best Typewriter for office work where speed is required."

MECHANICS' FAIR, BOSTON, DEC., 1887.

Awarded the only Gold Medal.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.,

75 and 77 Nassau St., New York.

KNABE

PIANOFORTES.

UNEQUALLED IN

Tone, Touch, Workmanship, and Durability.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.

BALTIMORE: 22 & 24 E. Baltimore St.

NEW YORK: 112 Fifth Avenue.

WASHINGTON: 817 Market Space.

EARL & WILSON'S

LINEN

COLLARS & CUFFS

BEST IN THE WORLD

JACQUES SELIGMAN'S Private Show-Rooms, 37, Rue des Mathurins, Paris. The largest choice of CURIOSITIES, antique FURNITURE, CHINA, Jade & Italian Fayence.

SOZODONT

BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE

ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly WHITE, the gums rosy, and the breath SWEET. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S

Pictorial History of the Rebellion

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,

185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

APOLLINARIS

THE QUEEN

OF TABLE WATERS.

"C & C" Electric Motors.

Especially popular for running family Sewing Machines. We sell a SEWING MACHINE OUTFIT Motor with Battery complete, for $27.50.

No trouble, no noise, no danger.

Send for circular or apply at any Electrical Supply store.

C & C ELECTRIC MOTOR CO.,

90 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

THE STAR TOBOGGAN

Adopted as the club standard because the best. The most stylish Toboggans made. Send 25 cents for "The Toboggan," giving full information about the sport, how to build and manage slides. Price-list of Toboggan and general Athletic Goods mailed upon application.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,

108 Madison St., Chicago. 241 Broadway, N. Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS

GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY

J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.

MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.

☞ *A profitable business for a man with a small capital.* Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 152 page Catalogue *free.*

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.

"The Ministry of Song."

We welcome every true effort to introduce into our families and schools the ministry of Song. In the hurry of business life, in the eager conflict for wealth and fame, in the overthrow of heart-work for hand and head-work characterizing the age, we need something to awaken that imagination which touches and makes the heart beat, which lifts the soul up from the fixedness of space and things into the infinitude of its own emotions and sentiments, and awakens yearnings for a higher home. Such is clearly the purpose of this popular Collection of Songs. No didactic order is pursued. No attempt at systemizing is indulged in. Everything is as free as the winds among the summer leaves. On one page is Bonnie Doon and facing it a Christmas Carol—on another page is Robin Adair and then Hail Columbia. This seeming defect makes the work more attractive. Indeed, taking any Number in the order of its pages is very much like taking a Spring walk. Now a dandelion smiles from the grass, anon an anemone nods in the wind—here a liverwort looks up with timid sweetness, and there a blood-root more boldly catches the eye,—while sunlight and shadow sweep over the meadows and frolic through the forest. To every household it may reach, the

FRANKLIN SQUARE ★

SONG COLLECTION

will prove a blessing; and to many of us will it often recall the sweet ballads which a mother sang before her lips were hushed in death, the sounds coming back to us from another world with an infinite tenderness, as though angels were striving to enrich and prolong the strain.—*E. E. Higbee, D. D., State Superintendent Public Instruction, Penna.*

Four Nos. each containing 200 Songs and Hymns on 184 pages—making 800 in all—have thus far been issued. Prices, post-paid to any address: **Paper, 50 cts. each; Boards, 60 Cts.; Cloth, $1.00.** ☞ **Send postal card** for full contents. Sold by all Booksellers, at the Music Stores or News Stands, or may be ordered by mail direct from the Publishers,

Harper & Brothers, New York.

PRINT Your Own CARDS

PRESS, $3. Circular size, $8. Newspaper size, $44. Type-setting easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue of presses, type, cards, &c., to factory, Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Ct.

SEND for free Catalogue of Books of Amusements, Speakers, Dialogues, Gymnastics, Fortune Tellers, Dream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, Etiquette, etc. DICK & FITZGERALD, 18 Ann St., New York.

CURE for the DEAF by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

THE WAITING SUPPER.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "THE WOODLANDERS," ETC.

VI.

SOME fifteen years after the date of the foregoing incidents, a man who had dwelt in far countries and viewed many cities arrived at Troyton Inn, an isolated tavern on the old western turnpike road, not five miles from Swenn-Everard. He was still barely of middle age, but it could be seen that a haze of gray was settling upon the locks of his hair, and that his face had lost color and curve, as if by exposure to bleaching climates and strange atmospheres, or from ailments incidental thereto. He seemed to observe little around him, by reason of the intrusion of his musings upon the scene. In truth, Nicholas Long was just now the creature of old hopes and fears consequent upon his arrival—this man who once had not cared if his name were blotted out from that district. The evening light showed wistful lines which he could not smooth out by the worldling's gloss of *nonchalance* that he had learned to fling over his face.

Troyton Inn was a somewhat unusual place for a man of this sort to choose as a house of sojourn. Before he left home it had been a lively old tavern, at which high-fliers and heralds and tally-hoes had changed horses on their stages up and down the country; but now the house was rather cavernous and chilly, the stable roofs were hollow-backed, the landlord was asthmatic, and the traffic gone.

He arrived in the afternoon, and when he had sent back the fly and was having a nondescript meal, he put a question to the waiting-maid, with a mien of indifference:

"Squire Everard, of Swenn-Everard Manor, has been dead some years, I believe?"

She replied in the affirmative.

"And are any of the family left there still?"

"Oh no, bless you, sir! They sold the place years ago—Squire Everard's son did—and went away. I've never heard where they went to. They came quite to nothing."

"Never heard anything of the young lady—the Squire's daughter?"

"No. You see, 'twas before I came to these parts."

When the waitress had left the room, Nicholas pushed aside his plate and gazed out of the window. He was not going over into the Swenn Valley altogether on Christine's account, but she had greatly animated his motive in coming that way. Anyhow he would push on there now that he was so near, and not ask questions here where he was liable to be wrongly informed. The fundamental inquiry he had not ventured to make—whether Christine had married before the family went away. He had abstained because of an absurd dread of extinguishing hopeful surmise. That the Everards had left their old home was bad enough intelligence for one day.

Rising from the table, he put on his hat and went out, ascending toward the upland which divided this district from his native vale. The first familiar feature that met his eye was a little spot on a distant sky—a clump of trees standing on a barrow which surmounted a yet more remote upland—a point where, in his childhood, he had believed people could stand and see America. He reached the farther verge of the plateau on which he had entered. Ah, there was the valley—a greenish-gray stretch of color—still looking placid and serene, as though it had not much missed him. If Christine was no longer there, why should he pause over it this evening? His uncle and aunt were dead, and to-morrow would be soon enough to inquire for remoter relatives. Thus disinclined to go farther, he turned to retrace his way to the inn.

In the backward path he now perceived the figure of a woman, who had been walking at a distance behind him; and as she drew nearer he began to be startled. Surely despite the variations introduced into that figure by changing years, its ground-lines were those of Christine?

Nicholas had been sentimental enough to write to Christine immediately on landing at Southampton a day or two before this, addressing his letter at a venture to the old house, and merely telling her that he planned to reach Troyton Inn on the present afternoon. The news of the scattering of the Everards had dissipated his hope of hearing of her; but here she was.

So they met—there, alone, on the open down, by a pond, just as if the meeting had been carefully arranged.

She threw up her veil. She was still beautiful, though the years had touched her; a little more matronly—much more homely. Or was it only that he was much less homely now—a man of the world—the sense of homeliness being relative? Her face had grown to be pre-eminently of the sort that would be called interesting. Her habiliments were of a demure and sober cast, though she was one who had used to dress so airily and so gayly. Years had laid on a few shadows too in this.

"I received your letter," she said, when the momentary embarrassment of their first approach had passed; "and I thought I would walk across the hills to-day, as it was fine. I have just called at the inn, and they told me you were out. I was now on my way homeward."

He hardly listened to this, though he intently gazed at her. "Christine," he said; "one word. Are you free?"

"I—I am in a certain sense," she replied, coloring.

The announcement had a magical effect. The intervening time between past and present closed up for him, and, moved by an impulse which he had combated for fifteen years, he seized her two hands and drew her toward him.

She started back, and became almost a mere acquaintance. "I have to tell you," she gasped, "that I have—been married."

Nicholas's rose-colored dream was immediately toned down to a grayish tinge.

"I did not marry till many years after you left," she continued, in the humble tones of one confessing to a crime. "Oh, Nic," she cried, reproachfully, "how could you stay away so long!"

"Whom did you marry?"

"Mr. Bellston."

"I—ought to have expected it." He was going to add, "And is he dead?" but he checked himself. Her dress unmistakably suggested widowhood, and she had said she was free.

"I must now hasten home," said she. "I felt that, considering my shortcomings at our parting so many years ago, I owed you the initiative now."

"There is some of your old generosity in that. I'll walk with you, if I may. Where are you living, Christine?"

"In the same house, but not on the old conditions. I have part of it on lease; the farmer now tenanting the premises found the whole more than he wanted, and the owner allowed me to keep what rooms I chose. I am poor now, you know, Nicholas, and almost friendless. My brother sold the Swenn-Everard estate when it came to him, and the person who bought it turned our home into a farm-house. Till my father's death my husband and I lived in the manor-house with him, so that I have never lived away from the spot."

She was poor. That, and the change of name, sufficiently accounted for the inn servant's ignorance of her continued existence within the walls of her old home.

It was growing dusk, and he still walked with her. A woman's head arose from the declivity before them, and as she drew nearer Christine asked him to go back. "This is the wife of the farmer who shares the house," she said. "She is accustomed to come out and meet me whenever I walk far and am benighted. I am obliged to walk everywhere now."

The farmer's wife, seeing that Christine was not alone, paused in her advance; and Nicholas said, "Dear Christine, if you are obliged to do these things, I am not, and what wealth I can command you may command likewise. They say rolling stones gather no moss, but they gather dross sometimes. I was one of the pioneers to the gold-fields, you know, and made a sufficient fortune there for my wants. What is more, I kept it. When I had done this I was coming home, but hearing of my uncle's death I changed my plan, travelled, speculated, and increased my fortune. Now, before we part: you remember you stood with me at the altar once, and therefore I speak with less preparation than I should otherwise use. Before we part, then, I ask, shall another again intrude between us? Or shall we complete the union we began?"

She trembled—just as she had done at that very minute of standing with him in the church, to which he had recalled her mind. "I will not enter into that now, dear Nicholas," she replied. "There will be more to talk of and consider first—more to explain, which it would have spoiled this meeting to have entered into now."

"Yes, yes; but—"

"Further than the brief answer I first gave, Nic, don't press me to-night. I still have the old affection for you, or I should not have sought you. Let that suffice for the moment."

"Very well, dear one. And when shall I call to see you?"

"I will write and fix an hour. I will tell you everything of my history then."

And thus they parted, Nicholas feeling that he had not come here fruitlessly. When she and her companion were out of sight he retraced his steps to Troyton, where he made himself as comfortable as he could in the deserted old inn of his boyhood's days. He missed her companionship this evening more than he had done at any time during the whole fifteen years; and it was as though instead of separation there had been constant communion with her throughout that period. The tones of her voice had stirred his heart in places which had lain stagnant ever since he last heard them. They recalled the woman to whom he had once lifted his eyes as to a goddess. Her announcement that she had been another's came as a little shock to him, and he did not now lift his eyes to her in precisely the same way as he had lifted them at first. But he forgave her for marrying Bellston; what could he expect after fifteen years?

He slept at Troyton Inn that night, and in the morning there was a short note from her, repeating more emphatically her statement of the previous evening—that she wished to inform him clearly of her circumstances, and to calmly consider with him the position in which she was placed. Would he call upon her on Sunday afternoon, when she was sure to be alone?

"Nic," she wrote on, "what a cosmopolite you are! I expected to find my old yeoman still; but I was quite awed in the presence of such a citizen of the world. Did I seem rusty and unpractised? Ah—you seemed so once to me!"

Tender playful words; the old Christine was in them. She said Sunday afternoon, and it was now only Saturday morning. He wished she had said to-day; that short revival of her image had vitalized to sudden heat feelings that had almost been stilled. Whatever she might have to explain as to her position—and it was awkwardly narrowed, no doubt—he could not give her up. Miss Everard or Mrs. Bellston, what mattered it—she was the same Christine.

He did not go outside the inn all Saturday. He had no wish to see or do anything but to await the coming interview. So he smoked, and read the local newspaper of the previous week, and stowed himself in the chimney-corner. In the evening he felt that he could remain in-doors no longer, and the moon being near the full, he started from the inn on foot in the same direction as that of yesterday, with the view of contemplating the old village and its precincts, and hovering round her house under the cloak of night.

With a stout stick in his hand he climbed over the five miles of upland in a comparatively short space of time. Nicholas had seen many strange lands and trodden many strange ways since he last walked that path, but as he trudged he seemed wonderfully like his old self, and had not the slightest difficulty in finding the way. In descending to the meads the streams perplexed him a little, some of the old foot-bridges having been removed; but he ultimately got across the larger water-courses, and pushed on to the village, avoiding her residence for the moment, lest she should encounter him, and think he had not respected the time of her appointment.

He found his way to the church-yard, and first ascertained where lay the two relations he had left alive at his departure; then he observed the gravestones of other inhabitants with whom he had been well acquainted, till by degrees he seemed to be in the society of all the elder Swenn-Everard population as he had known the place. Side by side as they had lived in his day here were they now. They had moved house in mass.

But no tomb of Mr. Bellston was visible, though, as he had lived at the manor-house, it would have been natural to find it here. In truth, Nicholas was more anxious to discover that than anything, being curious to know how long he had been dead. Seeing from the glimmer of a light in the church that somebody was there cleaning for Sunday, he entered, and looked round upon the walls as well as he could. But there was no monument to her husband, though one had been erected to the Squire.

Nicholas addressed the young man who was sweeping. "I don't see any monument or tomb to the late Mr. Bellston?"

"Oh no, sir; you won't see that," said the young man, dryly.

"Why, pray?"

"Because he's not buried here. He's not Christian-buried anywhere, as far as we know. In short, perhaps he's not buried at all; and between ourselves, perhaps he's alive."

Nicholas sank an inch shorter. "Ah," he answered.

"Then you don't know the peculiar circumstances, sir?"

"I am a stranger here—as to late years."

"Mr. Bellston was a traveller—an explorer—it was his calling; you may have heard his name as such?"

"I remember." Nicholas recalled the fact that this very bent of Mr. Bellston's was the incentive to his own roaming.

"Well, when he married he came and lived here with his wife and his wife's father, and said he would travel no more. But after a time he got weary of biding quiet here, and weary of her—he was not a good husband to the young lady by any means—and he betook himself again to his old trick of roving—with her money. Away he went, quite out of the realm of human foot, into the bowels of Asia, and never was heard of more. He was murdered, it is said, but nobody knows; though as that was nine years ago he's dead enough in principle, if not in corporation. His widow lives quite humble, for between her husband and her brother she's left in very lean pasturage."

Nicholas went back to Troyton Inn without hovering round her dwelling. This, then, was the explanation which she had wanted to make. Not dead, but missing. How could he have expected that the first fair promise of happiness held out to him would remain untarnished? She had said that she was free; and legally she was free, no doubt. Moreover, from her tone and manner he felt himself justified in concluding that she would be willing to run the risk of a union with him, in the improbability of her husband's existence. Even if that husband lived, his return was not a likely event, to judge from his character. A man who could spend her money on his own personal adventures would not be anxious to disturb her poverty after such a lapse of time.

"Well, the prospect was not so unclouded as it had seemed. But could he, even now, give up Christine?

VII.

Two months more brought the year nearly to a close, and found Nicholas Long tenant of a spacious house in the market-town nearest to Swenn-Everard. A man of means, genial character, and a bachelor, he was an object of great interest to his neighbors, and to his neighbors' wives and daughters. But he took little note of this, and had made it his business to go twice a week, no matter what the weather, to the now farm-house at Swenn-Everard, a wing of which had been retained as the refuge of Christine. He always walked, to give no trouble in putting up a horse to a house-keeper whose staff was limited.

The two had put their heads together on the situation, had gone to a solicitor, had balanced possibilities, and had resolved to make the plunge of matrimony. "Nothing venture nothing have," Christine had said, with some of her old audacity.

With almost gratuitous honesty they had let their intentions be widely known. Christine, it is true, had rather shrunk from publicity at first; but Nicholas argued that their boldness in this respect would have good results. With his friends he held that there was not the slightest probability of her being other than a widow, and a challenge to the missing man now, followed by no response, would stultify any unpleasant remarks which might be thrown at her after their union. To this end a paragraph was inserted in the Wessex papers, announcing that their marriage was proposed to be celebrated on such and such a day in December.

His periodic walks along the south side of the valley to visit her were among the happiest experiences of his life. The yellow leaves falling around him in the foreground, the well-watered meads on the right hand, and the woman he loved awaiting him at the back of the scene, promised a future of much serenity, as far as human judgment could foresee. On arriving, he would sit with her in the "parlor" of the wing she retained, her general sitting-room, where the only relics of her early surroundings were an old clock from the other end of the house, and her own piano. Before it was quite dark they would stand, hand in hand, looking out of the window across the flat turf to the dark clump of trees which hid further view from their eyes.

"Do you wish you were still mistress here, dear?" he once said.

"Not at all," said she, cheerfully. "I have a good enough room, and a good enough fire, and a good enough friend. Besides, my latter days as mistress of the house were not happy ones, and they spoilt the place for me. It was a punishment for my faithlessness. Nic, you do forgive me? Really you do?"

The twenty-third of December, the eve of the wedding day, had arrived at last in the train of such uneventful ones as these. Nicholas had arranged to visit her that day a little later than usual, and see that everything was ready with her for the morrow's event and her removal to his house; for he had begun to look after her domestic affairs, and to lighten as much as possible the duties of her house-keeping.

He was to come to an early supper, which she had arranged to take the place of a wedding breakfast next day—the latter not being feasible in her present situation. An hour or so after dark the wife of the farmer, who lived in the other part of the house, entered Christine's parlor to lay the cloth.

"What with getting the ham skinned, and the black-puddings hotted up," she said, "it will take me all my time before he's here, if I begin this minute."

"I'll lay the table myself," said Christine, jumping up. "Do you attend to the cooking."

"Thank you, ma'am. And perhaps 'tis no matter, seeing that it is the last night you'll have to do such work. I knew this sort of life wouldn't last long for ye, being born to better things."

"It has lasted rather long, Mrs. Wake. And if he had not found me out it would have lasted all my days."

"But he did find you out."

"He did. And I'll lay the cloth immediately."

Mrs. Wake went back to the kitchen, and Christine began to bustle about. She greatly enjoyed preparing this table for Nicholas and herself with her own hands. She took artistic pleasure in adjusting each article to its position, as if half an inch error were a point of high importance. Finally she placed the two candles where they were to stand, and sat down by the fire.

Mrs. Wake re-entered and regarded the effect. "Why not have another candle or two, ma'am?" she said. "'Twould make it livelier. Say four."

"Very well," said Christine; and four candles were lighted. "Really," she added, surveying them, "I have been now so long accustomed to little economies that they look quite extravagant."

"Ah, you'll soon think nothing of forty in his grand new house. Shall I bring in supper directly he comes, ma'am?"

"No; not for half an hour; and, Mrs. Wake, you and Betsy are busy in the kitchen, I know; so when he knocks don't disturb yourselves; I can let him in."

She was again left alone, and as it still wanted some time to Nicholas's appointment, she stood by the fire, looking at herself in the glass over the mantle. Reflectively raising a lock of her hair just above her temple, she uncovered a small scar. That scar had a history. The terrible temper of her late husband—those sudden moods of irascibility which had made even his friendly excitements look like anger—had once caused him to set that mark upon her with the bezel of a ring he wore. He declared that the whole thing was an accident. She was a woman, and kept her own opinion.

Christine then turned her back to the glass and scanned the table and the candles, shining one at each corner like types of the four Evangelists, and thought they looked too assuming—too confident. She glanced up at the clock, which stood also in this room, there not being space enough for it in the passage. It was nearly seven, and she expected Nicholas at half past. She liked the company of this venerable article in her lonely life; its tickings and whizzings were a sort of conversation. It now began to strike the hour. At the end something grated slightly. Then, without any warning, the clock slowly inclined forward and fell at full length upon the floor.

The crash brought the farmer's wife rushing into the room. Christine had wellnigh sprung out of her shoes. Mrs. Wake's inquiry what had

happened was answered by the evidence of her own eyes.

"How did it occur?" she said.

"I cannot say; it was not firmly fixed, I suppose. Dear me, how sorry I am! My dear father's hall-clock! And now I suppose it is ruined."

Assisted by Mrs. Wake, she lifted the clock. Every inch of glass was, of course, shattered, but very little harm besides appeared to be done. They propped it up temporarily, though it would not go again.

Christine had soon recovered her composure, but she saw that Mrs. Wake was gloomy. "What does it mean, Mrs. Wake?" she said. "Is it ominous?"

"It is a sign of a violent death in the family."

"Don't talk of it. I don't believe such things; and don't mention it to Mr. Long when he comes. *He's* not in the family yet, you know."

"Oh no, it cannot refer to him," said Mrs. Wake, musingly.

"Some remote cousin, perhaps," observed Christine, no less willing to humor her than to get rid of a shapeless dread which the incident had caused in her own mind. "And—supper is almost ready, Mrs. Wake?"

"In three-quarters of an hour."

Mrs. Wake left the room, and Christine sat on. Though it still wanted fifteen minutes to the hour at which Nicholas had promised to be there, she began to grow impatient. After the accustomed ticking the dead silence was oppressive. But she had not to wait so long as she had expected; steps were heard approaching the door, and there was a knock.

Christine was already there to open it. The entrance had no lamp, but it was not particularly dark out-of-doors. She could see the outline of a man, and cried, cheerfully, "You are early; it is very good of you."

"Early, am I? I thought I was late."

The voice was not the voice of Nicholas.

"I beg pardon," said she. "I did not—I expected some one else. Will you come in? You wish to see Mrs. Wake?"

The new-comer did not answer, but followed her up the passage and into her own room. She turned to look at him, and by degrees recognized that her husband, James Bellston, stood before her.

She sank into a chair. He was now a much-bearded man, his beard growing almost straight from his face like spines. Corpulent he was too, and short in his breathing, but unmistakable. He placed a small leather portmanteau of a common kind on the floor, and said, "You did not expect me?"

"I did not," she gasped. "I thought you were—"

"Dead. Good. So did others. It was natural, Christine, and I have a good deal to blame myself for in that respect; but I could bring you home neither money nor fame, and what was the use of my coming? However, I heard, or rather read, the account of your approaching marriage, and that forced my hand. It was to have been to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"I knew by seeing the date mentioned in the papers. That was why I came to-night, though I had the greatest difficulty in getting here, owing to my having taken passage in a sailing-vessel, which was delayed by contrary winds. I meant to have arrived much sooner. And so the old house and manor are gone from your family at last?" he said, seating himself.

"Yes," said she; and then she spasmodically began to tell him of things that were more pertinent to the moment—how Nicholas Long had come back a comparatively rich man; that he was going to call that evening, and that the very supper-table before their eyes was laid for him.

"Then he may enter at any minute?" said her husband.

"Certainly."

"That will be awkward. In common civility he ought to be forewarned. All this comes of my being so delayed.... My dear, I think the proper plan will be for me to go out for half an hour, during which time he will arrive, I presume. You can break to him what has happened, and please convey my apologies to him for this abrupt return, which I really could not help. I will come back to the house when he is gone, and so an unpleasant encounter will be avoided. If I allow him an hour from this time to be out of the house it will be long enough probably?"

"Yes. And the supper—"

"Can wait till I come. Thank you, dear. Now I'll go and stroll round, and see how the familiar old places look after such a long interval."

He placed his portmanteau in a corner, imprinted a business-like kiss upon her cheek, and withdrew.

She was alone; but what a solitude!

She stood in the middle of the room just as he had left her, in the gloomy silence of the stopped clock, till at length she heard another tread without, coming from an opposite direction to that of her husband's retreat, and there was a second knocking at the door.

She did not respond to it; and Nicholas—for it was he—thinking that he was not heard by reason of concentration on to-morrow's proceedings, opened the door softly, and came on to the door of her room, which stood unclosed, just as it had been left by her husband.

Nicholas uttered a blithe greeting, cast his eye round the parlor, which with its tall candles, blazing fire, snow-white cloth, and prettily spread table formed a cheerful spectacle enough for a man who had been walking in the dark for an hour.

"My bride—almost, at last!" he cried, encircling her with his arms.

Instead of responding, her figure became limp, frigid, heavy; her head fell back, and he found that she had fainted.

It was natural, he thought. She had had many little worrying matters to attend to, and but slight assistance. He ought to have seen more effectually to her affairs; the closeness of the event had overexcited her. Nicholas kissed her unconscious face—more than once, little thinking whose lips had lately made a lodging there. Loath to call Miss. Wake, he carried Christine to a couch and laid her down. This had the effect of reviving her. Nicholas bent and whispered in her ear, "Lie quiet, dearest; no hurry; and dream, dream, dream of happy days. It is only I. You will soon be better." He held her by the hand.

"No, no, no!" she moaned. "Oh, how can this be?"

Nicholas was alarmed and perplexed, but the disclosure was not long delayed. When she had sat up, and by degrees made the stunning event known to him, he stood as if transfixed.

"Ah—is it so?" said he. Then, becoming quite meek, "And why was he so cruel as to—delay his return till now?"

She dutifully recited the explanation her husband had given her; but her mechanical manner of telling it showed how much she doubted its truth. It was too unlikely that his arrival at such a dramatic moment should not be a contrived surprise, quite of a piece with his previous dealings toward her.

"He—seems very kind now—not as he used to be," she faltered. "And perhaps, Nicholas, he is a changed man—we'll hope he is. I suppose I ought not to have listened to my legal advisers, and assumed his death so surely! Anyhow, I am roughly received back into—the right way!"

Nicholas burst out bitterly: "Oh, what too, too honest fools we were!—to so court daylight upon our intention! Why could we not have married privately and gone away, so that he would never have known what had become of you, even if he had returned? Christine, he has done it to.... But I'll say no more. Of course we—might fly now."

"No, no; we might not," said she, hastily.

"Very well. But this is hard to bear! 'When I looked for good then evil came unto me, and when I waited for light there came darkness.' So once said a sorely tried man in the land of Uz, and so say I now!... Is he near at this moment?"

She told him how Bellston had gone out for a short walk whilst she broke the news; that he would be in soon.

"And is this meal laid for him, or for me?"

"It was laid for you."

"And it will be eaten by him?"

"Yes."

"Christine, are you *sure* that he is come, or have you been sleeping over the fire and dreaming it?"

She pointed to the portmanteau in the corner, with the initials "J.B." in white letters.

"Well, good-by—good-by! Curse that parson for not marrying us fifteen years ago!"

It is unnecessary to dwell further upon that parting. There are scenes wherein the words spoken do not even approximate to the level of the mental communion between the actors. Suffice it to say that part they did, and quickly; and Nicholas, more dead than alive, went out of the house homeward.

Why had he ever come back? During his absence he had not cared for Christine as he cared now. His last state was worse than his first. He was more than once tempted to descend into the meads instead of keeping along their edge. The Swenn was down there, and he knew of quiet pools in that stream to which death would come easily. One thought, however, kept him from seriously contemplating any desperate act. His affection for her was strongly protective, and in the event of her requiring a friend's support in future troubles there was none but himself left in the world to afford it. So he walked on.

Meanwhile Christine had resigned herself to circumstances. A resolve to continue worthy of her history and of her family lent her heroism and dignity. She called Mrs. Wake, and explained to that worthy woman as much of what had occurred as she deemed necessary. Mrs. Wake was too amazed to reply; she retreated slowly, her lips parted; till at the door she said with a dry mouth, "And the beautiful supper, ma'am?"

"Serve it when he comes."

"When Mr. Bellston—yes, ma'am, I will." She still stood gazing, as if she could hardly take in the order.

"That will do, Mrs. Wake. I am much obliged to you for all your kindness." And Christine was left alone again, and then she wept.

She sat down and waited. That awful silence of the stopped clock began anew, but she did not mind it now. She was listening for a footfall, in a state of mental tensity which almost took away from her the power of motion. It seemed to her that the prescribed hour of her husband's absence must have expired; but she was not sure, and waited on.

Mrs. Wake again came in. "You have not rung for supper—"

"He is not yet come, Mrs. Wake. If you want to go to bed, bring in the supper and set it on the table. It will be equally good cold. Leave the door unbarred."

Mrs. Wake did as was suggested, made up the fire, and went away. Shortly afterward Christine heard her retire to her chamber. But Christine still sat on, and still her husband postponed his entry.

She aroused herself once or twice to make up the fire, but was ignorant how the night was going. Her watch was upstairs, and she did not make the effort to go up to consult it. In her seat she continued; and still the supper waited, and still he did not come.

At length she was so nearly persuaded that his visit must have been a dream after all, that she again went over to his portmanteau, felt it and examined it. His it unquestionably was; it was unlocked, and contained only some common articles of wearing apparel. She sighed and sat down again.

Presently she fell into a doze, and when she again became conscious she found that the four candles had burnt into their sockets and gone out. The fire still emitted a feeble shine. Christine did not take the trouble to get more candles, but stirred the fire and sat on.

After a long period she heard a creaking of the chamber floor and stairs at the other end of the house, and knew that the farmer's family were getting up. By-and-by Mrs. Wake entered the room, candle in hand, bouncing open the door in her morning manner, obviously without any expectation of finding a person there.

"Lord-a-mercy! What, sitting here again, ma'am?"

"Yes, I am sitting here still."

"You've been there ever since last night?"

"Yes."

"Then—"

"He's not come."

"Well, he won't come at this time o' morning," said the farmer's wife. "Do 'ee get on to bed, ma'am. You must be scrammed to death!"

It occurred to Christine now that possibly her husband had thought better of obtruding himself upon her company within an hour of revealing his existence to her, and had decided to pay a more formal visit next day. She therefore adopted Mrs. Wake's suggestion and retired.

VIII.

Nicholas had gone straight home, neither speaking to nor seeing a soul. From that hour a change seemed to come over him. He had ever possessed a full share of self-consciousness; he had been readily piqued, had shown an unusual dread of being personally obtrusive. But now his sense of self, as an individual provoking opinion, appeared to leave him. When, therefore, after a day or two of seclusion, he came forth again, and the few acquaintances he had formed in the town condoled with him on what had happened, and pitied his haggard looks, he did not shrink from their regard as he would have done formerly, but took their sympathy as it would have been accepted by a child.

It reached his ears that Bellston had not reappeared on the evening of his arrival, either at his wife's house or at any hotel in the town or neighborhood. "That's a part of his cruelty," thought Nicholas. And when two or three days had passed, and still no account came to him of Bellston having joined her, he ventured to set out for Swenn-Everard.

Christine was so shaken that she was obliged to receive him as she lay on a sofa, beside the square table which was to have borne their evening feast. She fixed her eyes wistfully upon him, and smiled a sad smile.

"He has not come back?" said Nicholas under his breath.

"He has not."

Then Nicholas sat beside her, and they talked on general topics merely like saddened old friends. But they could not keep away the subject of Bellston, their voices dropping as it forced its way in. Christine, no less than Nicholas, knowing her husband's character, inferred that, having stopped her game, as he would have phrased it, he was taking things leisurely, and, finding nothing very attractive in her limited mode of living, was meaning to return to her only when he had nothing better to do.

The bolt which laid low their hopes had struck so recently that they could hardly look each other in the face when speaking that day. But when a week or two had passed, and all the horizon still remained as vacant of Bellston as before, Nicholas and she could talk of the event with calm wonderment. Why had he come, to go again like this?

And then there set in a period of resigned surmise, during which

"So like, so very like, was day to day,"

that to tell of one of them is to tell of all. Nicholas would arrive between three and four in the afternoon, a faint trepidation influencing his walk as he neared her door. He would knock; she would always reply in person, having watched for him from the window. Then he would whisper,

"He has not come back?"

"He has not," she would say.

Nicholas would enter then, and she being ready bonneted, they would walk into the Sallows together as far as the water-fall, the spot which they had frequently made their place of appointment in their youthful days. A plank bridge, which Bellston had caused to be thrown over the fall during his residence with her in the manor-house, was now again removed, and all was just the same as in Nicholas's time, when he had been accustomed to wade across on the edge of the cascade and come up to her like a merman from the deep. Here on the felled trunk, which still lay rotting in its old place, they would now sit, gazing at the descending sheet of water, with its never-ending sarcastic hiss at their baffled attempts to make themselves one flesh. Returning to the house, they would sit down together to tea, after which, and the confidential chat that accompanied it, he walked home by the declining light. This proceeding became as periodic as an astronomical recurrence. Twice a week he came—all through that winter, all through the spring following, through the summer, through the autumn, the next winter, the next year, and the next, till an appreciable span of human life had passed by. Bellston still tarried.

Years and years Nic walked that way, at this interval of three days, from his house in the neighboring town; and in every instance the aforesaid order of things was customary; and still on his arrival the form of words went on—

"He has not come back?"

"He has not."

So they grew older. The dim shape of that third one stood continually between them; they could not displace it; neither, on the other hand, could it effectually part them. They were in close communion, yet not indissolubly united; lovers, yet never cured of love. By the time that the fifth year of his visiting had arrived, on about the five-hundredth occasion of his presence at her tea-table, he noticed that the bleaching process which had begun upon his own locks was also spreading to hers. He told her so, and they laughed. Yet she was in good health: a condition of suspense, which would have half killed a man, had been endured by her without complaint, and even with composure.

One day, when these years of abeyance had numbered seven, they had strolled as usual as far as the water-fall, whose faint roar formed a sort of calling voice sufficient in the circumstances to direct their listlessness. Pausing there, he looked up at her face and said, "Why should we not try again, Christine? We are legally at liberty to do so now. Nothing venture nothing have."

But she would not. Perhaps a little primness of idea was by this time ousting the native daring of Christine. "What he has done once he can do twice," she said. "He is not dead, and if we were to marry he would say we had 'forced his hand,' as he said before, and duly reappear."

Some years after, when Christine was about fifty, and Nicholas fifty-three, a new trouble of a minor kind arrived. He found an inconvenience in traversing the distance between their two houses, particularly in damp weather, the years he had spent in trying climates abroad having sown the seeds of rheumatism, which made a journey undesirable on inclement days, even in a carriage. He told her of this new difficulty, as he did of everything.

"If you could live nearer," suggested she.

Unluckily there was no house near. But Nicholas, though not a millionaire, was a man of means; he obtained a small piece of ground on lease at the nearest spot to her home that it could be so obtained, which was on the opposite brink of the Swenn, this river forming the boundary of the Swenn-Everard manor; and here he built a house large enough for his wants. This took time, and when he got into it he found its situation a great comfort to him. He was not more than two hundred yards from her now, and gained a new pleasure in feeling that all sounds which greeted his ears, in the day or in the night, also fell upon hers—the caw of a particular rook, the voice of a neighboring nightingale, the whistle of a local breeze, or the purl of the fall in the meadows, whose rush was a material rendering of Time's ceaseless scour over themselves, wearing them away without uniting them.

Christine's missing husband was taking shape as a myth among the surrounding residents; but he was still believed in as corporeally imminent by Christine herself, and also, in a milder degree, by Nicholas, for a curious unconsciousness of the long lapse of time since his revelation of himself seemed to affect the pair. There had been no passing events to serve as chronological mile-stones, and the evening on which she had kept supper waiting for him still loomed out with startling nearness in their retrospects.

In the seventeenth pensive year of this their parallel march toward the common bourne, a laborer came in a hurry one day to Nicholas's house and brought strange tidings. The present owner of Swenn-Everard—a non-resident—had been improving his property in sundry ways, and one of these was by dredging the stream which, in the course of years, had become choked with mud and weeds in its passage through the Sallows. The process necessitated a reconstruction of the water-fall. When the river had been pumped dry for this purpose, the skeleton of a man had been found jammed among the piles supporting the edge of the fall. Every particle of his flesh and clothing had been eaten by fishes or abraded to nothing by the water, but the relics of a gold watch remained, and on the inside of the case was engraved "J. Bellston, 1838."

Nicholas, deeply agitated, hastened down to the place and examined the remains attentively, afterward going across to Christine, and breaking the discovery to her. She would not come to view the skeleton, which lay extended on the grass, not a finger or toe-bone missing, so neatly had the aquatic operators done their work. Conjecture was directed to the question how Bellston had got there; and conjecture alone could give an explanation.

It was supposed that, after calling upon her, he had gone rambling about the grounds, with which he was naturally very familiar, and coming to the fall under the trees, had expected to find there the plank by which, during his occupancy of the premises, he had been accustomed to cross into the meads on the other side. Before discovering its removal he had probably overbalanced himself, and was thus precipitated into the cascade, the piles beneath the descending current wedging him between them like the prongs of a pitchfork, and effectually preventing the rising of his body, over which the weeds grew. Such was the reasonable supposition concerning the discovery; but proof was never forthcoming.

"To think," said Nicholas, when the remains had been decently interred, and he was again sitting with Christine—though not beside the water-fall—"to think how we visited him! How we sat over him, hours and hours, gazing at him, bewailing our fate, when all the time he was ironically hissing at us from the spot, in an unknown tongue, that we could marry if we chose!"

She echoed the sentiment with a sigh.

"You might have married me on the day we had fixed, and there would have been no impediment. You would now have been seventeen

years my wife, and we might have had tall sons and daughters."

"It might have been so," she murmured.

"Well—is it still better late than never?"

The question was one which had become complicated by the increasing years of each. Their wills were somewhat enfeebled now, their hearts sickened of tender enterprise by hope too long deferred. Having postponed the consideration of their course till a year after the interment of Bellston, each seemed less disposed than formerly to take it up again.

"Is it worth while, after so many years?" she said to him. "We are fairly happy as we are—perhaps happier than we should be in any other relation, seeing what old people we have grown. The weight is gone from our lives; the shadow no longer divides us: then let us be joyful together as we are, dearest Nic, in the days of our vanity; and

"'With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come!'"

He fell in with these views of hers to some extent. But occasionally he ventured to urge her to reconsider the case, though he spoke not with the fervor of his earlier years.

THE END.

THE ADIRONDACKS AS A WINTER RESORT.

One of the most notable features in connection with medical progress during the past few years has been the interest physicians have taken in studying the influence of climate in curing diseases of the respiratory organs. In 1884 there was organized the "American Climatological Association," composed of representative medical men from different sections of the country, who at their annual meetings give their views and experiences on the therapeutic value of various localities which are said to have the power of arresting or curing consumption and kindred troubles. Twelve years before this association was formed, that is, in 1872, and long before any one had thought of the Adirondack region in New York State as a health resort, Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, now of Lower Saranac village, became a resident of that section, taking with him a phthisical invalid, upon whom the benefits of the climate quickly made themselves apparent. A few years later Dr. Alfred Loomis, the well-known specialist in pulmonary complaints, became convinced of the wonderful curative powers of the Adirondack climate, and directed the attention of physicians to the subject in an address delivered before the State Medical Society. In that address he said that he had long been convinced that the most important factor in the successful management of pulmonary phthisis was to be found in climate. He recommended the Adirondack region for its pure air and its opportunities for rest and quiet. "Here," he said, "there is every inducement for one to lead an out-of-door life; the very surroundings infuse new life into the feeble body, and one daily grows stronger and stronger and feels better, scarcely able to tell how or why."

Since the health-restoring character of the Adirondack climate has been discovered many invalids have visited the region. Some have stopped at the hotels, others have built cottages on the borders of some beautiful lake, while a few have spent a few weeks during the summer in "camping out." The Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium was opened late in the year 1884 for the purpose of furnishing a mountain resort for the benefit of those persons who could not afford the luxury of cottage or hotel life. A number of people, most of whom had derived great benefit from the climate of the Adirondacks, contributed to this enterprise. In that and the following year fifteen acres of land were bought, buildings were erected, and patients were received, commencing May 1, 1885. Originally there was a large main building, containing sitting and dining rooms, kitchen, etc. There were, besides, three cottages, two large tents, a barn, and other out-buildings. Since then, through the efforts of its founders and generous contributions from friends, there has been an additional cottage built, and a large addition to the main building for laundry and dormitories. Thirty-three patients can now be accommodated. The seven cottages accommodate from two to four patients each, not more than two patients being allowed to a room; the cottages last built have single sleeping-rooms and a general sitting-room.

The situation of the Sanitarium is its chief attraction. It is placed on the side of a high hill which rises abruptly from the Saranac River, and is protected on the west and south by hills. As the prevailing winds in this section come from these points of the compass, the patients rarely suffer from wintry blasts. The mountain view stretches for miles to the north and east, and the spectator can see Whiteface, McKenzie, MacIntyre, and many of the highest peaks in the Adirondacks. As the land slopes rapidly toward the Saranac Valley, the drainage of the Sanitarium is found to be excellent. Only those who are in the first stages of consumption, or who are convalescing from other pulmonary diseases, and whose circumstances are such as to admit of their paying only the low price demanded for board, are admitted to the cottages. Applicants must be examined by Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, of New York, and have a written certificate of suitability from him, addressed to Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, who is the resident physician, and has charge of the Sanitarium. Dr. Loomis, Dr. Trudeau, and C. F. Wicker, of Saranac Lake, all give their services free to the patients. The charge for board and lodging is five dollars a week, and there are no extra charges except for washing. When friends come to visit the patients they are charged one dollar a day, and they are not allowed to remain more than one week. The promoters of this excellent enterprise express themselves as being well satisfied with the results thus far attained. Nearly all patients have shown improvement, many very great, and some have been cured.

A considerable number of prominent physicians recommend tent life in the Adirondacks for patients afflicted with phthisis, "if done in an intelligent manner," from June to October. The patient in the Adirondacks receives benefit principally from the unusual purity of the air, and the more of it he breathes into his lungs the better it will be for him. For this reason living in a tent at the proper season of the year is to be preferred to living in a house, the air having such a good chance to circulate through the apartment, not only during the hours of the day, but at night, when he will inhale great draughts of life-giving air during the unconscious hours of sleep. The climate of the Adirondack region is moist and cool, the rainfall is above the average for some other portions of the State. These would not seem to be favorable conditions for the consumptive, but according to recent medical investigation it seems to be conceded that it is not temperature or humidity that has much to do with the cure of phthisis; it is simply pure air which is needed. The atmosphere of this mountain region is said to be perfectly pure. The soil being sandy and the nature of the country undulating, the drainage is good. The absence of population and cultivation precludes the presence of miasmatic poison. During the summer the mercury seldom rises above 87°; in the fall the weather is bracing, though there are one or two tedious rain-storms; in winter the cold is steady and uninterrupted until March. The mercury is often from 25° to 30° below zero, but people who have lived there and in New York city say they have suffered more from cold in the latter locality when the weather was 45 degrees warmer.

The experiment of sending consumptives to high altitudes during the winter months was tried in Europe as long ago as 1865. A German physician, quite far gone in consumption, spent a winter in the Alps, was very much benefited, and ultimately regained his health. He brought other patients to the little mountain village where he chanced to stop, and a few winters ago, according to an account published in an English review, a thousand invalids sought health at Davos, the mountain village where the doctor had been restored. The writer, in describing the method of cure, says: "After a minute personal examination of the ordinary kind, your physician tells you to give up medicines, and to sit, warmly clothed, in the sun as long as it is shining, to eat as much as possible, to drink a fair quantity of Valtelline wine, and not to take any exercise. He comes at first to see you every day, and soon forms a more definite opinion of your capacity and constitution. Then, little by little, he allows you to walk; at first upon the level, next uphill, until the daily walks begin to occupy from four to five hours. The one thing relied upon is air. To inhale the maximum quantity of the pure mountain air and to imbibe the maximum quantity of the keen mountain sunlight is the *sine quâ non*. Medicine is not given, or at least very seldom, and the worst symptoms of pulmonary sickness — fever, restless nights, cough, blood-spitting, and expectoration—pass away gradually by merely living and breathing.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Located on the border line between the North and the South, sharing the generous impulses and progressive spirit of both sections, blessed with an equable climate that escapes the extremes of temperature in either, and enjoying all the advantages that accrue to a central position in one of the finest agricultural regions of the world, this most fortunate city seems endowed with every element of prosperity and greatness. It is situated on the south bank of the Ohio, has a river frontage of six miles, and is built on a broad plateau elevated seventy feet above the ordinary stage of water. East, west, and south there is no limit to its expansion; consequently Louisville is a city of great distances and ample breathing spaces. In it nobody is crowded for want of room. Its streets and avenues, intersecting each other at right angles, are broad and straight, while those devoted to residences are shaded and beautified by great numbers of well-grown elm, linden, and maple trees. Louisville is, above all else, a city of homes, and its chief glory lies in these miles of shady avenues lined with roomy, comfortable, and generally handsome dwellings. Each house occupies its own plot of open ground, which is devoted to lanes, trees, shrubbery, or flowers—an arrangement that invariably wins the admiration of strangers, and is a source of much local pride and pleasure. The streets are smoothly paved either with asphalt or macadam, and beneath them is the well-devised sewage system of the city, upon which its public health so greatly depends.

The cost of living is moderate in Louisville as compared with that in larger or less favored cities, and in this respect it offers exceptional advantages to people of moderate means. Its situation in the midst of an agricultural country that produces grain, meats, fruits, and vegetables largely in excess of the local demand at once reduces the provision item among household expenses to the minimum of cost. House rents are reasonable, and the price of fuel is so regulated by competition between the river and rail transportation lines that coal for domestic use can be had at from $1 50 to $2 per ton. While Louisville thus offers cheap, healthful, and pleasant homes, it also provides liberally for the mental needs of its inhabitants. Its social life is delightful, and the proverbial gayety of its society is pleasantly toned by the many literary, artistic, and musical circles which find here a congenial atmosphere. The nucleus of most of the social as well as of much of the business life of the city is to be found in the Pendennis Club—one of the most thoroughly comfortable, well-ordered, and attractive institutions of its kind in the South. It occupies a large and handsome house standing by itself on a quiet street, but a few blocks removed from the business heart of the city. Here its members extend that cordial and hospitable welcome to any duly accredited stranger which makes his first and strongest impression of the city so pleasant. Here he may enjoy the ready wit of Henry Watterson, meet Governor Proctor Knott, whose "zenith city of the unsalted seas" was at once embodied among our national sayings, shake hands with the dignified Colonel Bullitt, whose proudest boast is that his was the last Union flag to be lowered in the city of New Orleans upon the outbreak of the civil war, listen to the reminiscences of General Basil Duke and others who fought for one cause or the other from '61 to '65, or clink glasses with a score of well-known Kentuckians who will give him a royal entertainment flavored with democratic sincerity. Among the older members of the Pendennis one hears much of the late Major Throckmorton. He was the jovial host of the Galt House, Louisville's most famous inn, and his memory affords a fruitful subject for anecdotal reminiscence. It was his old-fashioned courtesy and kindly but misdirected efforts to attend personally to the comforts of his guest that aroused the ire of Charles Dickens, and led to the unpleasantness between the two men that has become historical. Upon another occasion he displayed a knowledge of natural history that astonished his friends. One of them, returning from the South, brought with him a diminutive young alligator, then a much greater curiosity than it would be now. It was placed in the basin of a fountain in the hotel court-yard, and the inmates of the house were invited to examine it. Among others went the major, who had seen large alligators, but never so small a one as this. He gave it one look, and then, in a tone of supreme disgust, said, as he turned away: "Call that an alligator, do you? Well, I don't call it nothing but a *blanked* scorponium."

The mental activity of Louisville people is stimulated by the local press, which, besides the well-known *Courier-Journal*, boasts a large number of valuable agricultural, theological, and other special publications. It is also sustained and fostered by the thirty-four public schools of the city, upon which about $320,000 are annually expended, and by the many private schools, seminaries, and colleges that have been successfully established there. Among these are Hampton College for young women, four medical schools, two colleges of pharmacy, a law school, a business college, and two well-endowed theological seminaries—one Presbyterian and one Baptist. The latter of these is the largest supported by any religious denomination in the South, and has an average attendance of 120 students. It was founded in 1859 at Greenville, South Carolina, where its operations were sadly crippled by the war. Restored to usefulness by generous aid from both the North and the South, it was in 1877 removed to Louisville. In the spring of 1886 a party of six New York capitalists visiting the South were made aware of its need for more commodious quarters than those it then occupied, and at once donated to it a building fund of $60,000. The result is a handsome new building at the corner of Broadway and Fifth Street, in which the seminary is now established, and where students from twenty different States, Canada, and Mexico are receiving instruction. The Louisville Public Library, containing about 50,000 volumes, is a liberally supported and rapidly growing institution that must also be named as among the educational features of the city. The building destined to be the most prominent architectural feature of the city in the near future is its new custom-house and post-office, now in process of erection, at the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Chestnut Street. A million and a half of dollars have already been appropriated for this work, and when, some time during 1889, the building is completed, it will be one of which any city might well be proud.

The location of Louisville was determined by the Falls of the Ohio, a series of tumultuous rapids that, beginning at the city, extend for some miles below it. In the earlier days of river navigation these caused long delays and frequently necessitated the transfer of freights at this point. In 1780 the settlement at the head of the falls contained but a score of people, and thirty years later it had only just acquired its first thousand inhabitants. Upon the breaking out of the civil war the population of the city was about 70,000, but to this number the last twenty-six years have added a hundred thousand more, and at the present rate of increase the close of this decade will witness a population of 200,000 in the "Falls City." The former obstruction to navigation at this point was long since overcome by the construction at government expense of a superb canal along the entire length of the rapids. In addition to the transportation facilities afforded by this unobstructed waterway from Pittsburgh to New Orleans and the whole vast territory drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries, Louisville communicates with the outer world by no less than twelve independent lines of railway. Crossing the Ohio on two of the finest bridges in the country, and entering the city from the north, are the Pennsylvania road, coming by way of Indianapolis from New York and Philadelphia, the Ohio and Mississippi road from St. Louis and Cincinnati, the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago road, giving direct communication with the Northwest, and the Louisville, Evansville, and St. Louis road, affording an important Western outlet. Coming from the East, South, and Southwest are the Louisville and Nashville, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Louisville, New Orleans, and Texas, the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia, the Cincinnati Southern, the Louisville, Cincinnati, and Lexington, the Louisville, Harrod's Creek, and Westport, and the Louisville Southern railways. Thus no city of the land is more amply provided with the means of exchanging its own products for those of other sections of the country and of the world.

That extensive facilities for such an exchange have been afforded is the best possible proof that Louisville products are in demand; and well they may be, for of several highly prized articles of commerce Louisville is the principal producer of the country, if not of the world. No city of the South can show a greater diversity of business interests, and certainly no other combines within itself more advantages for both commerce and manufacture. Located near the centre of population, and in direct communication with every city, town, and village within a radius of three hundred miles, it is a leading point of distribution for the products of the four great sections of the country. With a fine water-power, cheap and abundant fuel, and inexhaustible supplies of minerals and forest timber at its doors, it is also a natural manufacturing centre, which fact is fully appreciated and taken advantage of by its people. In the production of whiskey, tobacco, and mules the State of Kentucky is without a rival, and for these Louisville is the principal market and distributing point. A genuine surprise is in store for the traveller who has been impressed with the magnitude of the tobacco business in certain other places when he visits Louisville. He then discovers that this is the city of all others in which to see tobacco, and learns that in 1885 the sales in Louisville were 127,046 hogsheads, as against 60,000 hogsheads sold in Cincinnati and 29,000 hogsheads in Richmond during the same year. When, on the 17th of September, the sales for the year had reached the unprecedented amount of 100,000 hogsheads, the event was celebrated by a grand trade procession, that occupied eight miles of Louisville streets, and the city was the scene of extravagant rejoicings. The whiskey trade of Kentucky, the bulk of which is controlled in Louisville, averages 15,000,000 of gallons annually. Of the useful and maligned mule 12,000 specimens of such weight and muscle as only Kentucky blue-grass can produce are sold and distributed to distant parts of the country from Louisville yards each year. While there is a certain correlation between a mule and a plough, the disproportion in numbers between the annual sales of mules and ploughs in Louisville, which is that of 12,000 to 190,000, or only one mule to every sixteen ploughs, might seem unwarrantable were not the destructive propensities of the former taken into account.

Kentucky jeans are almost as well known as Kentucky whiskey, and of this article the four Louisville mills produce 5,500,000 yards annually, the market for which is the entire United States. One of the leading industries of the city, and of the country in its vicinity on both sides of the Ohio River, is the manufacture and handling of cement. The first Louisville cement-mill was established in 1830, at Shippingport, near the foot of the falls, and its product was used in the construction of the Louisville and Portland Canal. A few years later a second mill was built opposite to the first, on the Indiana side of the river, and for many years the cement made in these mills was used in a limited way throughout the West. At the beginning of the war the entire annual supply was but about 65,000 barrels. The high prices of the next few years stimulated production, and caused the erection of new mills, while at the same time the use of cement as a building material steadily increased in public favor. Now Louisville cement is manufactured in eight mills, with a combined capacity of 4500 barrels per day, and an annual product of over 1,000,000 barrels. It is sold from Minneapolis to New Orleans, and is used in the construction of most of the public works of the West. Of cast-iron gas and water pipes Louisville manufactures over 40,000 tons per annum, and it is one of the world's largest producers of oak-tanned sole-leather. The position of the city in the midst of a great stock-raising country, and with immense forests of oak easily accessible, gives it such peculiar advantages for the prosecution of this business that no less than fifteen tanneries are in operation within its limits, and their annual output is valued at $3,500,000. One of the largest of these is that belonging to the National Oak Leather Company. Its capacity is 60,000 sides of harness and belting leather each year, and for this a demand exists in every State of the Union. As the city is girdled by a belt railway connecting every main line entering it, all of these factories have direct communication with their markets and bases of supply, and own side tracks from which cars are loaded and unloaded at their doors. Louisville industries support twenty-two banks having an aggregated capital of $10,000,000; and the clearing-house records show their annual business transactions to amount to very nearly $220,000,000.

That this is destined to become one of the great cities of the land is evident from its position and the character of its inhabitants. Whether viewed from the stand-point of the merchant, the manufacturer, the professional man, or the mechanic, it offers attractive features not found elsewhere. It is one of the grand gateways, entering through which the traveller gains his first impressions of the New South, and is a worthy exponent of the recently aroused spirit of liberal thought, energy, and universal industry that is attracting recognition as characteristic of that section. At the same time it has lost nothing of the refinement, courteous hospitality, and chivalrous sentiment of the past, which its people still hold in reverent and affectionate remembrance.

Kirk Munroe.